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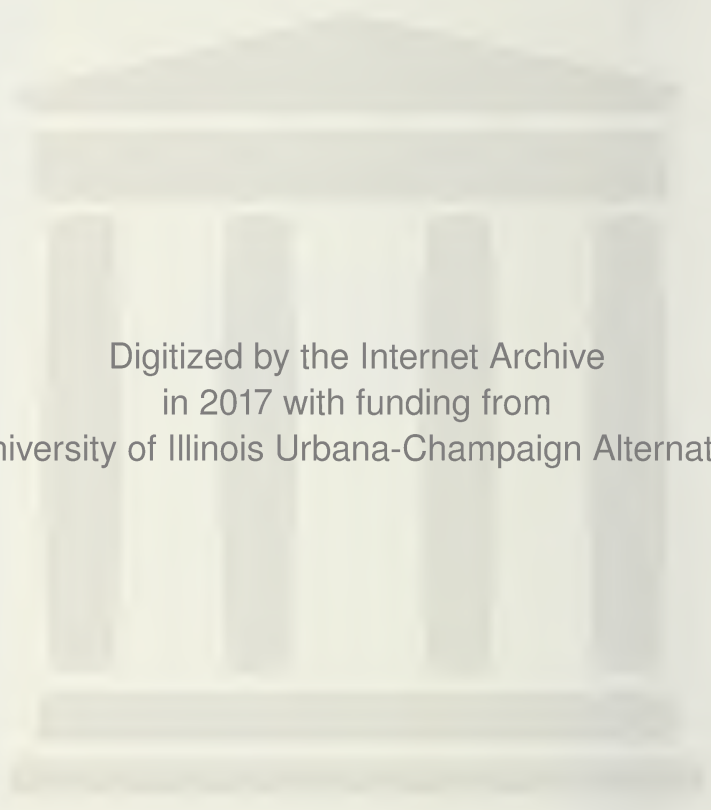
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He e'er was in my sight through all the battle;
 I saw him ever here and there, performing
 Marvels of valor wheresoe'er he went.

Mil. The great gods bless him!

Adras. And, at last, returning
 Unharm'd with our victorious troops to Athens;
 Though 'twas a miracle how he escaped
 From all the foes that closely press'd him round.

Mil. O, the sweet powers be praised that kept him safe!
 Spared him to me! One staff is left me still,
 While I must breathe this upper air! But, sir,
 I pray you tell me more yet of the battle,
 And how it was you took the enemy captive?

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

From the excessively cheerless history of the political life of the German people, some 1,900 years whereof are now known to us, one century shines forth with rare glow of gay color, though by no means unmixed with dark tints—a century of romance, of tremulous gladness, and aspiring enthusiasm of new awakened art, culture, and science; it is the century of the Hohenstauffens, the century of the Minne-singers and Troubadours, of Cœur de Lion and the Crusaders. Effectively, this century is ushered in by the grand figure of the blue-eyed, golden-haired emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, or, rather, Frederick von Hohenstauffen. A rare romance circles around his dynasty, a romance gilded with all the splendor of power on earth, and promising endurance for ages, yet ending abruptly, after a mere hundred years of existence, in the woeful tragedy of a scaffold. But love for the fair beauty of Italy, which, ever since the days of Charlemagne, thrilled and drew to destruction the rulers of Germany—which seems to have impassioned these men of the northern climes with fierce desire to revel in the glories of her body—proved also the element of destruction to the Hohenstauffen family, and at last delivered into the

hands of the executioner that "sweet young man," Conradin, the last of the race, of whom we have preserved to us two *Minnesongs* that mourn touchingly his lady's hard-heartedness in considering him too young to taste the bliss of love.

A little ballad by a talented modern German poet, Count Moritz von Strachwitz, gives a very effective, Rembrandt sort of picture of this tragical end of the Hohenstauffen rule—Barbarossa riding over the ruins of Milan, and there made to realize in a vision the doom of his house :

"Aye, Longobards, I trow ye, that ride sore grieved ye then,
Which Frederick Barbarossa rode o'er battered Milan.
Light shone the Emperor's courser, a Frisian 'twas by birth,
With Walish blood 'twas checkered far over the saddle's girth.

There sat the Hohenstauffen, from head to foot steel-clad,
The heavy knob of his saber against his hip he staid ;
His head thrown grimly backward, his lip pinched, red, and slim,
His beard rose as a mountain, each separate hair flashed grim.

How laydst, Milan, so low thou, thou erst so high and free ;
All shattered in bloody soaked ashes, thou pearl of fair Lombardy.
The dust in wind-gusts whirled aloft where columns not long since stood,
And trampling over the marble the heavy-hoofed charger trod.

Then silence over the ruins — none of the men durst speak —
For his imperial courser th' avenger'd reined in quick.
Then deeper grew the silence, and all men stood at bay —
Straight 'fore the victor's pathway a dying rebel lay.

Who, rearing half his body up forcibly 'fore the troop,
Looked with an unextinguishable deathly-some wrath to him up,
Nor piteously cried, Have Mercy ! nor whiningly begged for self,
But gnashed from under his helm forth the stubborn cry : Here, Guelf !

This shook the grim destroyer, how firm he'd seemed till now ;
A dreadful thought struck a-sudden its heavy reins over his brow.
He saw by southernly ocean a scaffold gloomy red,
Where the last Hohenstauffen his last prayer, kneeling, pray'd."

To get anything like an adequate appreciation of what this Barbarossa was, and what significance he had for Germany, it will be necessary to give a short sketch of events in Germany from the time of that Henry IV. whose terrible

struggle with Pope Gregory VII. has made him more universally known than any other of the German emperors. After having been so exasperatingly humiliated by that Pope at Canossa, and restored to his crown only through the intercession of the Countess Matilda, Henry, returning to Germany, found it of immediate necessity to strengthen himself by raising some new, reliable friends to whatever power he had in his hands to bestow. In pursuance of this policy he gave to Count Frederick von Bueren, an intimate friend and a man somewhat of his own stamp—proud and haughty, but gifted with far greater self-control, amiability, and firmness of character—the Dukedom of Suabia, at the same time bestowing upon him the hand of his daughter Agnes. Von Bueren shortly afterwards removed his castle from the foot of a mountain named Hohen Stauffen to its summit, and he, having christened that new castle Hohenstauffen, was ever after called by that name; though he and his family were also known by the name of Weiblingen, from their castle Weibling, a name which the Italians in latter times changed into Guibelline—a terrible word in the history of Italian politics. Frederick von Hohenstauffen served his emperor faithfully to the end, and showed the same fidelity to the son, Henry V. In consideration of the great services of this family, Henry V., besides confirming the Dukedom of Suabia to Frederick's oldest son, also called Frederick, endowed his second son, Conrad, with the Dukedom of Franconia. The widow of the first Frederick von Hohenstauffen, his sister Agnes, he married to the Margrave Leopold of Austria, from the house of Babenberg, thereby laying the foundation of that intimacy between the houses of Babenberg and Hohenstauffen which subsequently proved so great a boon to art and literature.

Even before Emperor Henry IV. had thus laid the foundation of the grandeur of the house of Hohenstauffen, he had, with the same view of raising himself new and powerful

friends, though probably in this instance also influenced by the Countess Matilda, conferred the Dukedom of Bavaria upon Welf—or, as the Italians call him, Guelf—a son of the Italian Margrave Azzo d' Este,¹ having for that purpose taken the dukedom most unjustly from its legal possessor, Otto of Nordheim. Thus, together with the family of the Hohenstauffen, or Guibellines, the family of the Guelfs rose to great power in Germany, and both became in a manner rivals.

The rivalry soon came to an outbreak. With the death of Henry V., the Salic line of German emperors became extinct—his wife, Matilda, daughter of King Henry I. of England, having been childless—and a new election was ordered. Three candidates were proposed: Lothar, of Saxony; Leopold, of Austria; and Frederick Hohenstauffen, of Suabia. The two first-named princes did not want the crown, and begged on their knees to be relieved from its responsibility. Frederick showed by his whole manner that he considered himself the only one fit for the position. His haughty bearing, however, contributed perhaps more than other considerations to his defeat. Lothar, of Saxony, was elected in spite of himself. This vexed the Hohenstauffens, both Frederick and Conrad, and they did their best to make Lothar's reign a burden to him. To protect himself, Lothar made a close friend of Henry, Duke of Bavaria, a descendant of Welf; gave him his daughter Gertrude in marriage; and made him, moreover, Duke of Saxony. Henry thus became greater even than the emperor himself, for, with his two powerful Dukedoms of Saxony and Bavaria,

¹ It may be of interest to mention that the great Leibnitz undertook his journey to Italy some five centuries later for the sole purpose of tracing out and putting into historical form the connection of this house with the German Brandenburg dynasty. The magnificent work of Leibnitz, which contains the result of his studies, and in which he took special pride, has never been published, though the whole Welf family of Europe would seem to have an interest in its publication.

and his claim to the estates of the Countess Matilda—a claim based on his relation to the house d'Este—his possessions extended from the Elb to Italy.

The death of Lothar brought the rivalry of these two great chiefs of the German Empire into an open conflict. When the imperial electors came together, their choice fell, not upon the powerful Duke of Bavaria and Saxony, but upon one of the Hohenstauffens. They chose Conrad, of Franconia, however, instead of Frederick, of Suabia, and Conrad tarried not long in making use of his power to curtail that of his great rival, of Bavaria. His first step was to ask Henry to resign his Dukedom of Saxony, alleging that it was improper for any German prince to hold more than one dukedom. When Henry refused, he deposed him of both dukedoms, giving that of Bavaria to Leopold, of Austria; but that of Saxony was, after Henry's death, restored to his son, the famous Henry the Lion.

Thus began, under Conrad, King of Germany—he was never crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire—the rule of the Hohenstauffen family, and with it a great change set in upon the people of Germany. Before that time the few men whose lives were not, in some way or another, drawn into the incessant brawls and battles of politics had devoted their energies either to the study of alchemy or to the almost equally entrancing study of scholastic philosophy. For it was at this period that, for the second time, a vast impulse of study and learning had been diverted from Ireland upon the people of France and Germany; this time inaugurated by one of the acutest minds known to philosophical history—Scotus Erigena.

In our day it is almost impossible to realize the effect such men produced at that time upon the general public. It is only in reading the life of Abelard that we catch a glimpse of the mental condition of that age—multitudes of those whose life was not devoted to war assembling

around their respective teachers and listening with the enthusiasm of panting souls for some new unuttered word.

Meanwhile the Orient had opened its mysterious lotus eye, gazing with six thousand years of unfathomable yearning, half doubtful, half hopeful, upon its truant children, this same strange people of Western Europe, wondering whether they would or would not come to solve its world-long riddle of the Sphinx. And, whilst through Haroun Al Raschid it had made offers as early as the days of Charlemagne, when the Occident was not yet ripe for the solution, it now again arose, and, beckoning with solemn gesture to its treasures of learning, of sciences, of arts, of Homer, of Aristotle, of Phydias, it once more entreated its blue-eyed children to take those treasures and see whether they might not be more successful in interpreting their meaning than their parents had been. And yet it was not until the solemn gesture rested upon the grave of the child of Bethlehem that the Western people arose as one man to hasten to the appeal. It was under Godfrey, of Bouillon, that the first crusade set foot on the ground of Palestine.

Then arose strange signs all over Germany. Stragglers came back and spoke and sang adventurous deeds and holy feelings in a new, hitherto utterly unknown, manner. The chant would start and halt, and come back again to the halt, with a kiss, as it were, of the same or a similar sounding word, and men and women drew near to marvel and thrill with ecstacy at this beauteous art of song. Other stragglers came back and spoke of the supreme beauties of human form cut into stone and marble in the far-off countries, and of rare and wondrous designs of groups, some incomprehensible in meaning, but others as clearly telling their story as if it had been told in words; and of marvelous women of marble, sculptured so impassionately that they would fascinate men as if alive. Then, again, came troops of men, walking barefoot or on sandals, clad in the roughest

gowns, and begging their way from one country to another, with carefully covered manuscripts or papyrus of parchment under their arms, and spoke in mysterious whispers of a wonderful lore discovered in the far-off East, or of enchanting poems of ancient Troy, beleaguered ten years by a powerful western force, and all for the sake of a Greek woman. And now there was another army from the far West, beleaguering another eastern city, Jerusalem, not for the sake of the beauty of a woman, however, this time, but for the sake of the grave of a poor woman's poor son, Jesus, the Christ.

With all these announcements of a new life, of new arts, of new sciences, it is not to be wondered at that there bloomed and sprouted forth in the hearts of men all over Europe a gladness, poetry, and romance the like of which has never since been known.

In our English literature we hear the last, though also the most superb, tones of this splendid gladness in the works of Geoffrey Chaucer.

The beginning broke out, naturally enough, amidst the men who, withdrawn from war and the tumult of war, hitherto had nothing but philosophy for their mental food. In rhythm and rhyme poured forth from their souls long suppressed emotions in a rhythm and rhyme that still shook unevenly from the intensity of their suppression. But soon the strange art of rhyme, brought back by the stragglers of the first crusade, took firmer hold amongst the people, and broke out in tones of half fierce, half tender beauty. The old legends of Attila and his fight with the people of Burgundy, coming with those of the horde of the Niebelungen, were sung in the one same strain all over the country. Then, as the younger people—the youths and maidens of the castles and the country—asked the same artist to sing to them, not only old, forgotten legends, but their own living, every-day feelings, the bard of the people changed into a minstrel and sang songs like these, by the oldest one known

of them, Von Kuerenberg, in the same strain as he had sang to them of the Niebelungen :

“Late at night I ventured, lady, 'fore thy bed ;
Then durst I not awake thee, in sweet slumber laid.”
“This I give thee no thanks for—now God save thy luck !
Surely, I was not a wild boar !” Thus the lady spoke :

“When late at eve, in night-dress, I stand all alone
And think of thee, my noble knight, my love, my own,
Then blooms forth all my color, as the rose blooms on its thorn,
And in my heart there enters many a thought forlorn.

“Aye, in my heart there centers many a weary sigh,
For what I have such longing, and yet must deny,
Nor ever can achieve me—'tis a wretched lot !
I mean not gold and silver, but him who rules my thought.

“I nursed me a falcon longer than a year ;
When I had him so tamed as I'd wished he were,
And all around his feathers gay tied many a golden band,
He far up high him lifted and flew to another land.

“Since what time again I saw my falcon fly,
Saw all around his feathers gay many a silken tie,
And all around his breast saw tied many a band of red,
God sweetly bring together whom love together led.”

In the first great crusade, of 1096, the German people did not take a very active part ; but when, in 1147, Bernard of Clairveance raised the second great outcry over the disgrace of Jerusalem, a frenzy seized upon them. When this gifted monk, who had hitherto employed his powerful rhetoric against those subtle reasoners of his age, Gilbert de la Torrei, Petrus Lombardus, Abelard, etc., suddenly started on his tour over the lands of France and Germany, the princes, nobles, knights, and vassals of every section of the country were swept along by his impassioned pleading, and struggled as to who should be first to catch the badge of the cross under which to enlist. With the same zeal wherewith he had fought his scholastic adversaries he now cried out for rescue from the subjection of the grave of Christ to the sword of the Saracens—a race of men that

had astonished the rough Westerners by their grace of manner, courtesy, and their refined behavior, as well as by their fierce bravery and warlike qualities—in the land of the Jews; and, with hearts rendered easily inflammable by the strange new life swept back from Asia by the first crusade, the people followed him. His speech was as a wind-driven fire; the barefooted monk had to tear his cloak into shreds to provide crosses enough for the enlisting multitude. For a long time did Conrad von Hohenstauffen withstand the exhortation of the priest. None of the Hohenstauffens had ever much faith in the crusades, or, indeed, in any external paraphernalia of the Church; but when this fiery priest brought at last the fullness of his eloquence in public to bear upon his sovereign, Conrad humbly arose in the church, fastened the cross upon his sleeve, and said he would no longer resist, since the voice of God had spoken within him. He had intended just then to go to Rome and be crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire; as it was, he sacrificed this ambition, and gathered all the nobles under his rule to sally forth with him to Jerusalem. But, of all the knights that followed him, there was not one whom he learned to love and admire so much as his gay young nephew, his brother Frederick of Suabia's son; the future emperor, Frederick Barbarossa. In every battle, first and foremost show the red locks and beard of the reckless youth; if at eve the favored knights gathered around King Conrad's tent, none so gay in making the night air ring with strange songs of love and versified dialogues between knight and lady, Romeo and Juliet, than young Frederick; nor did many exceed him in the new lore of telling rare legends of the great King Arthur in his fairy realm of Avondale, or of Roland, the bravest of the knights of Charlemagne. Furthermore, if after battle or march calm counsel was needed, King Conrad marveled at the astuteness and diplomatic skill which his young nephew exhibited. And thus it chanced that Conrad, wisely preferring his expe-

rienced nephew to his own infant heir, recommended Barbarossa to the votes of the German princes, when, shortly after his return from the Crusade, he felt his end approaching. Frederick was thirty-one years old when the German princes, in accordance with Conrad's wish, chose him to be their king and ruler.

“Wherever he went, it seemed as if he gave to men, earth, and the skies a new, peaceful character,” is the remark made by one of the contemporary chroniclers of his times, in speaking of Frederick. Nothing, indeed, as has already been said, so much strikes the student of the history of that time and century as this new character, this rare gladness, joyousness, cheeriness, exuberance of heavenly delight in living, which contrasts so sadly with the subsequent gloom; and in no man is this joyousness more admirably exhibited than in the strong, proud, quick figure of Frederick—blithe, and full of life in every muscle of the body, in every inch of his fair, rose-tinted skin. Filled with the learning, gathered up by him on the Crusade—the vista into a new life of deliverance from the bondage of savagery—of beauty in art, and clear knowledge in science, which that learning opened to his sight, a life of which his present election would make him the chief director and ornament, no doubt inspired the dominant policy of his whole reign, as it colored its whole life. Culture poured, indeed, just then into Europe in exhaustless streams; if, in the East, Saladin opened libraries and museums, and sent copies of Aristotle and Plotinus to new arising libraries in the West, by way of Spain, the Arabs from Africa drowned Christendom in the West with no less a flood of solid erudition and romantic lore; along with mathematics, astronomy, and metaphysical puzzles came from them the Thousand and One Nights and the Myths of the St. Grail.

Nor should it be ever forgotten in our days that, had it not been for the cloisters which were being established in that age over all Europe, the learning opened to their Euro-

pean brethren by the baffled students of the East would probably have soon perished. It was that same Ireland, which men nowadays call bigoted, and a stumbling-block to progress, from which early Germany and France received their first germs of civilization, when Columba, Gablus, Killian, Emeran, etc., traveled over the wilds of those countries to open the savage mind of their inhabitants to higher knowledge, and which in a later time nourished the freest philosophical thinking, and spread a new impulse of study over all Europe; and it was in the much-abused cloisters of the middle ages that men of rare self-abnegation, and devotedness to culture of ancient wisdom, literature, and art, preserved and elaborated for us all that has contributed to bring about our present stage of advancement.

Frederick Barbarossa signalized the inauguration of his reign by an act which was almost too generous for sound policy. He reinvested Henry the Lion, Duke of Saxony, with the Dukedom of Bavaria, thus restoring to the Welfish house all its former power. (It may be mentioned, by the by, that the Welfish house was as distinguished by its black beard and hair as the Hohenstauffens were famous for their blondness.) It is true that Frederick, being himself slightly related by his mother's side to that house, may have thought that this generous act would change an ancient feud into close friendship; but the step was undoubtedly a very risky one. With quick resolve he then hastened to readjust on a basis of peace and justice the internal affairs of his kingdom, so sadly put out of order by the disorganizing influences of the last crusade. For, over the whole country, bold, lawless knights, fancying themselves secure in the absence of the nobler princes on crusading expeditions, had put up temporary castles, or taken forcible possession of such as had been left without sufficient defense, and from these strongholds plundered all travelers that passed their neighborhood, or could be plundered within the range of their forces. To suppress this extensive land-privateering

Frederick exercised all his energy and time. To secure still more firmly the administration of justice at home, as well as to obtain support in his great project—the fatal project of all German rulers since the days of the ill-starred Charlemagne—of reducing Italy to closer subjection under his rule—he successfully forced the kings of Denmark, Hungary, Poland, and Bohemia to swear allegiance to him. Thus fixed in power he followed the irresistible temptation, and moved upon Italy.² At that time the northern part of Italy, in Lombardy, under the new upstarting order of things, great mercantile cities had sprung up and clad themselves with all the power of kingdoms and empires. It is the fashion of history to drift into raptures of admiration when speaking of these cities and their republican institutions; but as a mere word will not change a fact, so the entitling republican the Lombardian cities of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries will not, or at least should not, conceal what is so clearly written in their history—that nowhere was less of individual freedom, less of justice and security, to be found than under the flags of those cities. It is not, of course, to be supposed that Barbarossa invaded Italy and struggled with the enormous power of those cities from any care for the welfare of the people at large; nor, again, can historians be blamed very much if they base their disquisitions on the stand-point of nationality, and lament that the German should have planted his hated rule upon the free soil of the Italian. These nationality-generalizations, however, are altogether of little account, and the only question should be whether or not the laws, and administrations of laws, of the King of Lombardy and “Emperor of the Roman Empire” represented greater individual freedom, justice, and security than the laws and rule of the republican cities of Lombardy.

² That Barbarossa was conscious of the fatality of this enchantment appears from the exclamation he made in a later time, when listening to a history of Alexander the Great: “How happy was he that he did not know Italy.”

Mixed up with this vexed question of so-called republican institutions in Lombardy on the one, and imperial rule of Germany on the other, hand, there is to be considered the by no means inferior question of the spiritual rule of the Pope, as opposed against the temporal rule of the empire, which followed, as it had followed, every attempt of the German emperors to fix their foot-hold in Italy. And it may be well to record the fact that never was a man more short-sighted and impolitic than the great Charlemagne—whom Germany and France absurdly rival in claiming as their own “emperor”—when he laid the foundation for the insane desire of subsequent German princes to rule Italy, and thus engage in conflict with the spiritual chief of the Christian Church. If Charlemagne had any rule of conduct at all for his actions, it was certainly this: To establish a temporal Christian Empire—an empire of all the Christian nations of the earth. Successfully to accomplish this, it was absolutely necessary to refrain from incurring any possibility of a collision with the established chief of the spiritual Christian Empire. And yet it was Charlemagne, Karl der Grosse, who not only incurred the possibility of such a collision, but made it unavoidable for all his successors.

In this his first visit to Italy, Frederick was in the main successful. In his great and magnificent camp on the Roncalian fields, 1154, he settled many existing disputes between the larger and smaller cities. Special complaints, for instance, had been made against Milan—her oppression of Lodi, Coma, and other Lombardian cities, a disorderly conduct which grated on Barbarossa’s soul above anything else. He was then crowned, at Savia, King of Lombardy, met with courteous receptions wherever he stayed, and, after some little sparring with Pope Adrian, was crowned Emperor of the Roman Empire, at Rome, June 11, 1155.

When Barbarossa returned to Germany he was in the

zenith of his glory—young, powerful, loved, and beloved—in the midst of a new-born world of art and science that shed glorious radiance over his whole German people. Peace and security reigned everywhere—none of his princes dared to entertain thoughts of revolt. Even the great Welfish Duke of Saxony and Bavaria was now his friend and supporter, and, in his own city of Vienna, Frederick had the select society of the Dukes of Babenberg and the Dukes of Austria, and the world of artists generally that congregated at their palaces. And it was to be noted that the minstrels now sang no more altogether in the *Niebelungen stanza*, but in infinitely different forms, and that the knights and princes seemed to arrogate to themselves altogether this new art of singing in new tones, though the old minstrels of the people still roamed over the country with their ballads of the Huns and Goths. Very few of these earliest *Minnesongs* have been handed down to our day. Those that follow may serve as specimens. The first one, by Markgrave von Regensburg, still resembles the *Niebelungen stanza*; it is, one might say, a timid variation of it. Those by Veldecke move already with a steadier rhythm, and betoken the coming glory of the full-developed *Minnesong*. Dietmar von Est's poems are also noticeable as introducing the Spanish assonance in the third of his songs here given, and a variation of the *Niebelungen stanza* in the first.

MINNESONG BY MARKGRAVE VON REGENSBURG.

I am, with genuine steadfastness, of noble knight the subject blessed;
 How sweet it seems unto my heart when he me dearly has caressed!
 He, whom his many virtues good
 Have made esteemed by all the world; surely he high exalts my mood!

The whole world cannot take from me whom I so long my choice have
 proved,
 The true love of my heart and soul, who me so long a time has loved.
 Aye, though the world should perish all,
 I'll always gracious be to him; then envious women 'll meet their fall.

MINNESONGS BY DIETMAR VON EST.

I.

Now at last has been accomplished what my heart desired—
A noble woman me has taken—with her love inspired,
And now her subject I am fain,
As is the ship to the pilotman,
When all the waves and all the water mind his slightest touch;
Lo-ho-hohi! they take from me wild mood overmuch.

“I hear them tell the many virtues of a goodly knight,
It touches me in wond’rous measure, and my soul makes bright;
I never now can him forget,”
A woman spoke, “Alas, sweet mate!
Now must I all the world abjure me for his love alone,
Lo-ho-hohi! the blessed man! how well he’s won his own!”

How can my heart become, pray tell me, ever glad again,
Since me a noble woman worketh so much woe and pain?
Whom I have served with endless zeal;
Bending each thought to her fair will,
And now refuses she to think of how I’ve suffered, aye;
Lo-ho-hohi! oh, dear, my lady, do not turn away!

II.

Sleep’st thou, sweetheart? Ah, woe us!
The morn, too, soon calls to us!
A little birdlet warbling sweet,
Has perched upon its linden-seat.

“Sweet sleep had me o’ertaken;
Now call’st thou; child awaken!
Love never may be without woe;
What thou me bidst I’ll do, and go.”

Softly she wept: “Oh, grievest
Of fates! Thou me here leavest
And ridest off! Come soon again;
My joy thou bearest with thee, dear man!”

III.

Alone there stood a woman
And looked o’er the heather’s common,
And looked for her darling.
Then saw she a falcon soaring:
“Oh, bless thee, falcon, where thou art,
Thou flyest where it likes thy heart!

Thou thee in the greenwood forest
 A tree to please thee choosest.
 Even so have I, too, done;
 I took for myself and love a man
 Whom my eyes with care had chosen;
 Now, envious women would love him—
 Ah, woe, why let they my love not be?
 Sure, never their sweethearts wished I for me!

Blessed thou bliss of summer!
 The birdlet's song whispers slumber,
 Even as the linden-leaves.
 The whole year long me have grieved,
 Ever and ever mine eyes, love!
 Take care thou do not spy, love,
 After other women!
 My darling, keep thou from them!
 When thou the first time saw'st me,
 So fair, so fair, thou thought'st me,
 So very sweet and lovable!
 This, darling, I to thee recall."

MINNESONGS BY HENRY VON VELDECKE.

I.

Many a heart brought grief the cold, cold, winter weather,
 It has conquered both the greenwood and the heather,
 Their green dress and bird's gay feather;
 Winter, with thee all my sorrows leave together.

When May comes at last and hoary winter wrinkles,
 And sweet dew the meadow's flowers all besprinkles,
 And the greenwood with song tinkles—
 Then the eye of my love with enjoyment twinkles.

My love likes to take me to the linden's cover,
 He whom I'd press to my heart and kiss all over;
 He shall pluck there flowers, my lover!
 For a rare wreath we will wrestle in the clover!

I know well he ne'er will take from me the pleasure
 My heart found in him, that joy and rare love treasure
 Which gives every grief short measure.
 By us both were many flowers crushed in fond pressure.

With white arms in my embrace I'll fondly fold him,
 With my red mouth to his mouth glued, sweetly hold him,
 Whom my eyes confessed and told him
 Dearest of all things they saw, and so intralld him!

II.

The birdlets sing in glee,
Beholding now the flowers forth-bud ;
Their song delight my mood,
And brings good cheer to me.
Henceforth from care I'm free !
God bless the darling, dear and good—
Across the Rhine lives she—
Who has stay'd all my sorrow's flood, '
Though far from her lonely I wander.

III.

What time men genuine love pursued,
They followed honor's banner.
But now both day and night men's mood
Shows but disgraceful manner.
And who saw that and now this sees,
Alas, must he not mourn at this,
That things have grown so far the worse and wanner ?

IV.

He who by love is so much blessed,
That he love's service may attain,
And he through love by grief is pressed—
Hail him, he is a happy man !
From love man all that's good receives,
'Tis love that us a pure soul gives ;
What without love should I do then ?

I love my dear, nor thanks e'er claim,
I well know that her love is pure.
If my love be not free of blame,
Then never love was true and sure.
My love its thanks her fain would prove ;
My song clings faithful to her love !
In this belief rest ye secure.

THE POET'S FABLE.

 BY MYRON B. BENTON.

Gay crowds who idly walk the strand
Turn mocking from the Diver's hand.

What treasure of the deep is here?
No wondrous sea-gift's mute surprise
He lifts to their waiting, eager eyes;
No strange, wan Pearl from dim sea-dreams,
Thrilled by first touch of baffling beams.
"Fond dreamer of the sea!" they sneer;
"He wrestles with Death beneath the wave,
Only these childish baubles to save!"

A handful of pebbles with curious veins,
And traced with soft prismatic stains;
Some whispering Æolian shell
That repeats the Naiad's secret well,
And holds the touch of her trusting lip—
Bloom that would the rose enhance—
On crimson coral's budding stem;
Fetter on truant tress to slip
Of damsel at a village dance;
No Pearl for a queenly diadem!

Unheeding, the Diver murmurs and strays
Vacant amidst the idle throng;
Seaward he turns his wistful gaze:
"For the breathless plunge I ever long—
The downward flight through emerald waves!
Far up, the winds may wrestle and strain,
And sweep the remorseless hurricane;
But low, in the hush'd sea's charmed caves,
The battle of tempest never raves.
The billows sleep from their wild distress;
The tattered sail hangs motionless
Where the wreck lies on the level sand;
And there I walk the silent strand,
Where swift through vale and seaweed grove
Resplendent creatures of ocean rove.

"And oftentimes the Merman King
Beckons me to his palace halls,

THE WESTERN.

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FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

[CONTINUED.]

A main feature of the German character from earliest times has been a tendency to rely upon individual exertion and power, rather than be controlled by the will of others. This characteristic may be observed throughout all Teutonic races. The greatness of Charlemagne lies in his perception of the insufficiency of the despotic principle which strives to annihilate all individual freedom, and of that of the absolute freedom of the single individual, which effects the same end, since it necessarily results in collision with other individuals, and, hence, terminates in war and slavery. He saw clearly that order—and, hence, true freedom, peace, and progress—can be secured only by law; and, as men of Charlemagne's faith and greatness have always believed that law cannot be carried out, or a nation be secured against outward attacks, unless it has one supreme, infallible chief, they have always held that disobedience to the law, or opposition to authority, must be followed by immediate and adequate punishment. This accounts for many of the cruelties in the lives of such men, even when they are naturally mild-tempered. Frederick's views were entirely of this order; and it is notable that the three greatest and fiercest of modern rulers and warriors, Charlemagne, Frederick

Barbarossa (and his successor, Frederick Hohenstauffen II.), and Napoleon, have given special attention to the formation of law codes and the maintenance of a strict, but impartial, judiciary. Their defense of the most atrocious deeds is always, "The law must be upheld." Frederick's bent of mind, was, therefore, in a great degree opposed to that of the higher classes of his age—the nobles, and princes, and prelates—who wanted no universal law; and his main support lay in the hearts of the people, who were tired of being subject to caprices, and wanted laws; though his grand, imperial presence and character could not fail to subdue also a large number of those nobles and prelates, even though they claimed immunities from laws, or demanded absolute government over lands to which they were not entitled, or which were at least subject to his superior rule. Thus, when, upon his return from Italy, Barbarossa was apprised that the Archbishop of Mayence and Pfalzgraf Herman von Stahlück had come to an open quarrel about the Bishopric of Worms, warring upon each other and destroying the country; and, when he cited them before a Reichstag at Worms and they began to *argue their cause upon their respective claims* to that bishopric, Frederick at once stopped them, and said that it was not the validity of their claims which was in issue before the court, but that the only question was whether they had violated the law of the realm in making war upon each other, instead of bringing their case before him and his council. All the princes assembled at the Diet concurred in Frederick's view that they had been guilty in that respect. The punishment assessed upon them was rather a singular one—dog-carrying. All who had supported them in their warfare, the pfalzgraf and the archbishop at their head, were sentenced to carry a dog in their arms for a length of five miles. The archbishop, however, was pardoned on account of his age and rank in the church; but the pfalzgraf felt so deeply ashamed that, when he reached the end of the journey, he

done by
1150

swooned away, and entered a cloister, where he soon after died.

Frederick, having thus finally restored peace to his German Kingdom, also increased its territory largely by the annexation of the Kingdom of Burgundy, through his marriage with Beatrice, the Burgundian princess. His marriage was celebrated with great pomp at Whitsunday, 1156. From his first wife, Adelheid Markgräfin von Vohburg, he had been divorced, partly on account of her reputed loose character, and partly because she was barren.

On the same Reichstag he also promised Wladislav II., King of Poland, to reinstate him in his kingdom, which his brother, Boleslav, had compelled Wladislav II. to abandon. Frederick crossed the Oder with a large army in August, 1157, and in a short time forced Boleslav to conclude a treaty whereby he agreed to reinstate Wladislav II., who, on his part, promised to assist Barbarossa with 300 soldiers at his next campaign, and to give him a considerable amount of money for his expenses. Denmark and Hungary also pleaded at the same Reichstag for the emperor's protection, which he gave on their pledging him allegiance. So great, indeed, had Barbarossa's reputation risen that, on the Reichstag of Wuerzburg, in 1157, there were present, besides the German princes and prelates, ambassadors from Greece, Italy, France, Burgundy, Denmark, England, and Spain. Henry II. of England sent him valuable presents, accompanied by a letter wherein he acknowledged Barbarossa as a ruler even over England; the Holy Roman Empire, of which he was chief, including, at least theoretically, all Christendom.

But while affairs in Germany were thus being placed in order and systematized, and while Frederick's power and fame were spreading over all Europe, Italy, his most cherished possession, had again fallen back into a state of rebellion against the German emperor. Most of the cities of Lombardy refused to pay taxes, and each city demanded the

right to make laws of its own, instead of following the laws established by Frederick for all Lombardy and ratified by all the citizens of that country. Milan, the most powerful of these cities, led this rebellion, and at the same time waged remorseless war upon all cities that would not implicitly obey her decrees.

It was not, therefore, as stated before, for a republican and local form of republicanism that Lombardy strove. The whole movement was started, indeed, mainly by the larger cities, who had conspired to subject to their absolute taxation and jurisdiction all smaller places in their neighborhood. Milan, as has been said, was the leader of this rebellion. Many of the other Lombardian cities, that had purposed to remain true to Frederick, sent him deputation after deputation, urging his immediate return to Lombardy for the restoration of order. Anxious as the emperor was to do this, he was unable to march across the Alps until July, 1158, having first dispatched Otto von Wittelsbach, one of his trustiest warriors, and the Chancellor Rainald, one of his most accomplished counselors, to make preparations for his reception in the Lombardian cities, encourage his adherents, and increase their number. This embassy was received with great honors at Verona and the adjoining cities; went thence to Mantua and Cremona, at which latter place the archbishops of Milan and Ravenna, besides fifteen bishops and many deputations from other cities, had come to render homage, and finally took their way to Ravenna, and thence, by way of Romini, to Ankora. At the latter place they found many Greek emissaries, whose real mission was to obtain possession of the main sea-ports of the eastern Italian coast for the Byzantine Empire, while they pretended to be there only to recruit soldiers against William of Sicily and Naples, who was then in war with the pope. These men were all ordered to retire from the place, and advised to discontinue their practices.

Meanwhile, Frederick's army had advanced into Italy in

three divisions, each division having been steadily increased on its onward march upon Milan, in front of which now strongly fortified city the army, said to have been composed of 15,000 horsemen and 100,000 footmen, arrived about August 6, 1158. Venice, Brescia, Cremona, Vicenza, Pavia, Nevara, Asti, Vercelli, Como, Reggio, and other Lombardian cities had largely contributed to this reinforcement of Frederick's army. In view of the strong fortifications of Milan, Barbarossa had determined to compel the city to surrender by cutting off all its supplies. In this he succeeded completely. Want of money and provisions, and the ravages of malarious fevers, so weakened the proud mind of the Milanese that, at the suggestion of Guido Blandrate, an embassy was sent to negotiate with Frederick for peace. This was concluded on September 3d, under the following conditions: Milan to rebuild the cities of Lodi and Como, which, in its feuds, it had completely destroyed, and those cities to remain independent; all citizens of Milan to swear allegiance to Frederick, and the city to pay 9,000 marks of silver to the emperor, the empress, and the nobles; Milan then to be no longer under ban, but to pay taxes like all other cities, and to abolish all claims inherent in the emperor's sovereignty, such as coining money, levying taxes, etc.; and, these matters having been arranged, the city to be relieved from the imperial troops. After this treaty had been ratified, Frederick removed his troops outside of the city, and had them drawn up in two lines, through which the Milanese were ordered to pass and swear allegiance to Frederick, whose throne was erected in the center of the lines. The Archbishop Obertus, the clergy, and the monks—carrying crosses, censers, and other churchly vessels—were the first to pass, and each one knelt before the emperor's throne. Obertus of Pirovana, the chief of the archbishops, ventured to ask pity for Milan. Frederick lifted him up, kissed him, and had him seated. Then came

twelve burgomasters, the council of the city, and the nobles, all barefooted and wearing their unsheathed swords around their necks, and, finally, all the citizens of Milan, with ropes around their necks, pale, and in great distress. All knelt at the emperor's throne. When this ceremony had been ended, the Obertus ab Orto, the burgomaster of Milan, arose and thus addressed the emperor: "We have sinned; we have done wrong; we entreat your pardon; we place our swords at your feet, and our lives in your hands."

Frederick replied coldly: "I am glad that the Milanese have at last preferred peace to war, and have not made it necessary that I should do them evil. How much misfortune would have been averted, and how much good could have been accomplished, if the citizens of Milan had taken this view at the start! I would rather rule over obedient subjects than over slaves; I would reward rather than punish," etc.

After the subjugation of Milan, Frederick moved to the Roncalian fields, where he erected his camp with a splendor hitherto unknown. The magnificent pavilion of the emperor towered high, and was surrounded by the little less gorgeous tents of the other princes, according to their respective rank. From this center straight streets ran in all directions; and, the camp having been so placed as to be divided by the River Po, a bridge was erected across the stream, making the whole encampment appear like a new city built on two sides of a river. Italians occupied the one side, Germans the other. Here the emperor caused the four most renowned lawyers of that time, Bulgarius, Josias, Jacobus Hugolinus, and Hugo de Porta Ravennate, to revise, collect, and correct all the laws of the various cities of Lombardy into one common statute-book. "And when these laws," said Frederick, "shall once have been given, there shall be no further talk about the law, but only judgment rendered according to the law."

The Lombards did not entirely approve these new laws,

which fixed all legal matters on a fixed basis ; whereas, before, the laws had been so irregular and disordered that each party to a cause took the law in his own hand, and sought to gain by violence what the law kept in a state of perpetual uncertainty. Nevertheless, things passed off pretty quietly ; even the Genoese—strongly on the Ghibelline side—made a special compact with Frederick, stipulating exemption from taxes, but pronouncing themselves ready to take the oath of allegiance. If Frederick had not sent his army home immediately after the subjugation of Milan, his terms with Genoa and Venice would unquestionably have been far more severe ; as it was, he made as fair terms as he could with both cities. But this enforced peace did not last long ; and, while Milan prepared for a new struggle, the pope, Adrian IV., became more and more unfriendly to Frederick—mainly because of the constantly growing power of the German emperor, but partly, also, on account of the Countess Matilda's possessions, which, by a previous agreement, had been assigned to Welf VI., an uncle of Frederick's, who, however, leaving others—amongst them the pope himself—to take possession of the greater part of Matilda's vast estates and valuables, had taken for himself only a small portion. Thus there had arisen a series of complicated disputes regarding the title to Matilda's possessions, and Frederick, in revising the Lombardian laws, was called to pass upon that title. He decided that his uncle, Welf VI., the brother of Matilda's husband, was lawfully entitled to all of her estate. This had caused great ire on the part of the pope, and led to a very angry correspondence ; the pope at the same time stirring up the cities of northern Italy to another revolt against the Hohenstauffen rule.

To illustrate how far this animosity between the emperor and the pope had grown at this time, let me quote the following correspondence between Adrian and Frederick. Adrian, in writing to Frederick Barbarossa, says :

“ The Holy Bible promises to every one who honors his

father and mother long life upon earth, and threatens with destruction every one who shall disobey this command. It says, further: ‘He who puts himself on high shall be lowered.’ Hence, dearest son of the Lord, we are astonished that thou dost not show us the proper reverence, and dost not keep thy sworn pledges; that, in thy writings addressed to us, thou placest thy name before our own; that thou requirest fealty only from those who, after all, are only children—that is, from bishops—and takest their sanctified hands in thy own, whilst thou lockest the doors of thy churches in their face, and even refuseth them admittance into thy cities. Awake, therefore; awake, lest, in venturing after what belongs to another, thou losest thy own.”

To which Barbarossa replied: “Frederick, by the grace of God Emperor and Augustus of the Romans, desires the pontifex of the Romish Church to attend only to that which Christ has begun to do and teach. The law of justice allows to each one his own, and we are determined not to cede any of the rights which have been transmitted to us by our venerable ancestors. What temporal power had the Church at the time of Constantine? Only through Constantine’s mildness did the Church obtain peace and freedom, and whatsoever the popes may now possess they hold only as presents from the kings and princes. If, in our letter to you, we place our name before your name, and allow you to do the same in your letters, we do nothing out of the way, as you ought to have known from the study of ancient writings. When your bishops protest that they are only God’s children, and yet take from us our royal rights; when they refuse to acknowledge lien’s rights and lien’s oath, we are unable to find any reason for this course of action, expressly since your and our Great Teacher (who received nothing from kings, but generously gave away all He had) voluntarily paid taxes to the emperor for Himself and Petrus. Thereby He set you an example which you should follow, and a doc-

trine which you ought to take to heart: 'Be ye taught by me, for I am gentle-hearted, and humble of heart.' Hence, let those men either renounce all possessions and incomes, or, if they find it so better, let them give to God all that belongs to God, and unto Cæsar all that is Cæsar's. We closed our churches and cities against your cardinals because we found that they were not preachers, but robbers; not friends of peace, but spoliators of coins; not men who improve the lands under their hands, but insatiable collectors of gold. Whenever Rome shall send us ambassadors of the kind which the Church needs, who will bring peace, enlighten the people, and kindly assist the afflicted, we shall support her in every manner. * * * All this we were compelled to write to you, since we saw that arrogance, this abominable beast, had crept up even into the chair of St. Peter. Attend, therefore, in the right manner to the peace of the Church, and all will be well with you.'

Frederick had thus scarcely put order into the affairs of Lombardy when he found himself almost at war again, and foresaw the necessity of quenching all such uprisings against the imperial rule for the future by one special and terrible example, and for that purpose chose Milan, as the center of all insubordination against imperial rule; and Milan soon gave him an opportunity to carry out his plan.

Learning this, Adrian, to increase the strength of his party, sent circulars to the Lombardians encouraging them in their resistance to Frederick, made a treaty with William of Sicily whereby the latter agreed to support the pope, and sent letters to several archbishops in Germany urging them to stir up revolts against the emperor at home. The German prelates, however, kept true to Frederick.

As the opposition of the Lombardians to the new system of taxation—accepted solemnly by them on the Roncalian fields—increased under papal and Milanese provocations, Frederick found it necessary to order new troops from Ger-

many to fortify Lodi and Como—the cities which had suffered more than all the others from Milan—and renew his friendship with all cities that were favorably inclined toward him. Having achieved this purpose, he sent his two faithful ambassadors, Pfalzgraf Otto and Chancellor Rainald, to Milan to demand of that city why it had elected consuls, or podesta (mayors), without the prior nomination of those officials by the emperor. The Milanese replied that the treaty of August, 1158, between the emperor and Milan, allowed the Milanese the right to elect their own mayors, and that the emperor had merely power to confirm their nominations. The German ambassadors replied that the *later* code, accepted by the Milanese themselves, had changed the former treaty in that respect completely. After several attempts to come to an understanding, it became evident that it was impossible to arrive at an agreement. The German ambassadors thereupon retired to their place of residence, but not before the object and end of the conference had become known to the people of the city, who immediately formed themselves into a mob, and, following the ambassadors with the cry of “Death!” “Death!” began throwing stones through the windows of their dwelling and trying to force the doors. It was only due to the arrival of the consuls in the nick of time that the mob was finally dispersed. The consuls appeared sincerely distressed, and implored the ambassadors to pardon this violent outbreak of the people, remain with them until some agreement could be made, and, above all, not to bring the matter up before the emperor. But the ambassadors concluded not to trust to the Milanese, and, having made their escape in the night, rode off to inform the emperor of their adventure. Frederick was violently excited. “Milan,” said he, “has trod into the mud the very sacredness of ambassadors, which even barbarians respect. Their repentance has changed into stubbornness; their obedience into rebellion. Such outrage can

originate only in the wickedness of many, and punishment must, therefore, be levied also upon many, and with severity, according to the law.”

Without proceeding to extremities at once, however, Frederick awaited new reinforcements from Germany. The citizens of Milan, also, did in no way diminish their labors in constructing new defenses, and even making arrangements for attacking the expected besiegers ; for they knew their lot beforehand. Frederick had announced, after consulting the best Milanese jurists, that the city of Milan should be put under ban, owing to the non-appearance of their officials before the emperor, after several summons ; their goods and valuables should be open to plunder, their persons subjected to servitude, and the city to destruction. The Milanese, however, did not await the issue of this manifesto, but, on April 16, 1159, moved with a considerable force upon Trenzo, one of Frederick's cities. The news reached the emperor at Bologna, whilst celebrating the festival of Easter. Immediately Frederick advanced with his army in support of Trenzo, but came too late, as the city had already surrendered. Frederick then returned to Bologna, having first destroyed all the crops, vineyards, and trees around Milan, and cut off, so far as possible, the city's means of communication, thus placing it again in a state of starvation. While this caused great depression amongst some of the citizens of Milan, in others it awoke new heroism and patriotic resolution to defend the city to the last. To such a degree of desperation did these feelings impel the Milanese, that even attempts to assassinate the emperor were made. Meanwhile, Frederick's army continued to increase ; and, whilst keeping Milan well covered, he advanced with a portion of his troops upon Crema, which had been almost as bitterly opposed to the imperial rule as Milan, and had caused equal devastation amongst other anti-Milan cities. After a seven-months' siege, Crema was obliged to surrender on January 27, 1160. The citizens, 20,000 in number, were permitted to

leave, and bring along as much baggage as they could carry. The troops of succor sent by Milan and Brescia to Crema had to leave without arms or baggage. The remaining arms and other means of warfare were sent to the citizens of Lodi and Cremona—cities true to Frederick and bitterly hostile to Milan, Crema, and Brescia. The city Crema itself was then abandoned to the soldiers for plunder; and, as very little of value had been left, the enraged soldiers set fire to the place. The emperor then entered the city of Pavia, and wrote home about the great triumph achieved by the destruction of Crema, and the great humanity exhibited by him in sparing the lives of all inhabitants.

It was now Milan's turn, but a new event compelled Frederick to wait still longer before proceeding to act. During the siege of Crema, Pope Adrian had died, September 1, 1159, and the college of cardinals was divided into two parties, the one party favoring Roland Bandilini, afterwards called Alexander III., and the other party supporting the Cardinal Octavio, who took the name of Victor IV. Each pope claimed to be properly elected. When the emperor heard of this disastrous schism amongst the cardinals, and its result, he, as the head of the Holy Roman Empire, invited all the prelates of his own and all other Christian empires to meet in convention at Pavia, "for, as there should be only one emperor in the Christian world, so ought there also to be only one pope." Alexander III. declined this invitation, claiming the supreme control on the part of the pope over all temporal and spiritual affairs, and vindicating the validity of his own election. Victor, however, who felt sure of Frederick's support, acceded to the proposal of the emperor. The convention was opened on February 5, 1160, and opened by the emperor in person, who, after stating that although his predecessors, Karl the Great and Otto the Great, had presided at similar conventions of the Church, said he did not feel inclined to interfere in the present convention, and would rather leave the church-

men to settle the matter amongst themselves. He thereupon retired, and with him retired all laymen. After a seven-days' session, the convention—composed of about fifty or sixty bishops, and many abbots—declared Victor the lawfully elected pope. Frederick, the princes, and the people indorsed the declaration of the convention, and, on February 11th, Victor was taken from his cloister, clothed in papal robes and mounted, the emperor himself holding the bridle and the stirrups, and led to the church, where solemn mass was held. Victor, immediately upon his installation, put his opponent, Alexander III., under the ban, and Alexander III., on his part, not to be behindhand, excommunicated both Frederick and Victor. Milan, thereupon, naturally took the part of Alexander. Under these circumstances Frederick sent the larger part of his forces home again—their time of service having already long expired—and ordered them to return next year, with as many new-recruits as possible. With the remaining troops he camped during the winter, closing more and more upon Milan, but engaging in only a few skirmishes. In the spring of 1161 new reinforcements arrived from Germany, and, in August, Milan was for the second time regularly besieged by Barbarossa. By the end of that year, 1161, the want of food had already reached such extremities that a great part of the citizens favored immediate surrender of the city on the best possible terms. Only the clergy, under the influence of Pope Alexander, advised prolonged resistance. Finally, the state of affairs in Milan became so untenable that a deputation was sent to Frederick to negotiate with him for the city on the following terms :

The citizens of Milan agreed to destroy all their fortifications, and not to rebuild them without the emperor's consent ; to repair the castle and palace at their own expense ; to reverence all alliances ; to quarter the imperial army in the city ; to deliver to him 300 of their prominent citizens as hostages for their good behavior ; to allow the emperor

to nominate their officials, and to pay him a large sum of money.

That these enormous concessions would be received without further parley by the emperor was never doubted; and yet, when they were laid before the imperial council, a division of opinion became at once apparent. Some counseled their acceptance, so as not to increase dissatisfaction by measures too severe; while others, and especially the deputies of those Lombardian cities who had most cruelly suffered from the despotism of Milan, declared that the unlimited insults which the majesty of the Holy Roman Empire had suffered so long from this one city could be expiated only by unlimited submission. Frederick also favored this view, and the Milanese were compelled to submit unconditionally.

On March 1, 1162, the highest city official of Milan, and several nobles, appeared at the imperial camp, and, kneeling before the emperor and the assembled princes, agreed to submit themselves unconditionally to the emperor's authority, and promised that all the citizens of Milan should do the same. On the 4th, therefore, 300 select men of the city appeared before the emperor, and resigned submissively the keys of all their towers and castles, and thirty-six of the main flags of the city; whereupon they also took the oath of allegiance. On March 6th, finally, the whole body of citizens—cords around their necks, ashes on their heads, and crucifixes in their hands—passed through the gates of Milan. The procession was closed by an immense wagon, strongly fortified by iron, from whose center arose a high mast-tree, fastened strongly with iron rings, ribbons, strings, etc. On the top of the mast appeared a crucifix, and St. Ambrosius in the attitude of benediction. Frederick was at dinner when the procession arrived, but did not rise from the table until the dinner was finished, leaving the Milanese to wait for him in the midst of a heavy rain.

Finally he ascended a throne, surrounded by the chief of his princes and nobles. Once more the Milanese flag-

bearers waved their flags and sounded their trumpets, and then the procession passed on, each division laying down its flags and trumpets at the emperor's feet. At last came the grand wagon with its towering mast—the *Carrocio*, the chief war emblem of Milan. Slowly the mast was lowered, the wagon split into pieces, and proud Milan's glory seemed gone forever. Amidst the tears and lamentations of the Milanese the Count of Blandrate advanced to implore the mercy of the emperor for the city and its inhabitants. The eyes of most of the princes were tearful at beholding this humiliation of proud Milan; only the emperor and his chancellor, Rainald, remained unmoved. At last Frederick arose, and, addressing the Milanese, said:

“That mildness which is consonant with justice you shall have. According to law, each one of you has forfeited his life. I will grant life to you all, and take only such measures as shall make it impossible for you hereafter to commit similar crimes.”

Unable to imagine what those other measures might be, the citizens of Milan returned in great tribulation to their homes, while Frederick himself went onward to Pavia, there to determine in open convention the final fate of Milan. The most prominent men of Lombardy, most of the bishops, and the chief officials of many Lombardian cities were assembled. The latter were in favor of the most severe measures. “The cup of misery,” said they, “which Milan has prepared for, so many other cities should now be prepared for herself. Milan has destroyed Como and Lodi, and other imperial cities; let Milan, therefore, also be destroyed.”

The sentence which was finally adopted, and read in presence of the chief officials of Milan, was as follows:

“Milan to be laid waste; all the inhabitants to leave it within eight days, and to take up their homes in four different places, each of which is to be ten miles from the other.”

This blow crushed the hopes of even the most stubborn and hopeful; those who had friends or relatives in other places emigrated, and the utterly helpless hid themselves in cloisters, churches, and low huts.

It was on the 26th of March that the emperor for the second time entered Milan with his whole army; this time, however, not through the magnificent gates of the city, but through a breach made in its walls, and witnessing that woe-ful scene so graphically sketched in the little ballad quoted before. His mission in northern Italy, on which he had wasted now over seven years, seemed fulfilled; all the other rebellious cities, such as Brescia, Piacenza, Imola, Faenza, Bologna, and others, having submitted to his terms immediately after the destruction of Milan.

In the fall of 1162 Frederick, after so many years' absence from his German Empire, was recalled to put an end to new disturbances that had broken out with his quarrelsome subjects. The main trouble had occurred at Mayence, where the citizens in a mob-riot had murdered the archbishop, Arnold (1160), whose many friends now called loudly for vengeance, and punishment of the leaders of the revolt. Frederick called a *Reichstag*, or Council, together at Mayence, in the spring of 1163, had the matter thoroughly investigated, and the instigators severely punished. The city itself was made to suffer by having its walls pulled down. Shortly afterwards, in the fall of 1163, Frederick was again summoned to Italy, leaving his German princes and prelates again to indulge in their interminable bickerings and quarrels.

This, his third journey to Italy, the emperor made without an army, hoping to achieve a peaceable reconciliation between the Lombards themselves, as well as between himself and the hostile cities of Lombardy. For, immediately after the destruction of Milan and the departure of Frederick for Germany, these hostile cities had once more risen in

revolt against their German rulers. Nor did they do so without cause, for the German tax-assessors and collectors were as rapacious a set of office-holders as ever collected revenue—and revenue-collectors are not popular people at the best. Besides, German arrogance was as distasteful to the Italians of that day as Austrian superciliousness was to the people of Venice and Lombardy before the days of Solferino. It rankled in their minds, moreover, that the Germans should rob them of their art-treasures and saint-relics, as they certainly did, setting thereby a bad example to future leaders of conquering armies, which Napoleon I., amongst others, did not fail to follow. There was a great outcry, for instance, when Frederick's chancellor, Rainald, the emperor's wisest counselor, but a man also of considerable unscrupulousness, who had been left in charge of the administration of affairs in northern Italy, took ruthless hold of the bodies of the three wise men from the East, that were the boast of the Milan cathedral, and had them transported to Cologne, to join the bodies of the 11,000 or more mythical virgins also interred in that famous city on the Rhine.

The first step which Frederick took on his arrival in Italy was to issue a proclamation calling together a convention of delegates from all parts of Lombardy, at which their quarrels and complaints were to be examined and adjudicated. But this convention proved a lamentable failure. Each city had a special grievance, and nourished unappeasable envy against its rival. Frederick could not, therefore, please any of them; he did either too much or too little.

While the emperor was placed in this disagreeable position, the hostile cities of Lombardy felt themselves encouraged by the additional strength that gathered around Pope Alexander in his French exile. This indomitable priest had called a general church assembly to meet at Tours, in May, 1163, where all the clergy of Great Britain,

France, and Spain rallied, pledged him their support, and indorsed the excommunication of Emperor Frederick and Pope Victor. Even the kings of France and England met him at Toucy and held his stirrups—the news of which gave Frederick great annoyance. Nor did the death of Pope Victor, April 20, 1164, improve Frederick's position. It seems quite probable that he was personally inclined to take advantage of this opportunity to effect a reconciliation with Alexander, but Rainald had hastily—two days after Victor's death—in conjunction with some cardinals, elected Guido of Cremona as the legitimate successor of Victor, under the name of Paschal III., and Frederick did not think it proper to disown Rainald's act. This still further enraged the Lombardian cities. Even Venice, which had taken the part of the emperor against Milan, now arose against him—partly instigated thereto by the Emperor Emanuel of Greece, who had some hopes of securing a foothold in northern Italy, and of ultimately uniting Italy and Greece under one rule—and concluded an alliance with Verona, Padua, Vincenza, and Treviso.¹ Frederick hurried to Verona in order to break up this new combination, but, finding that he had not troops enough, made overtures of friendship to Venice's rival, Genoa, and in the fall of 1164 hurriedly returned to Germany to raise an army and subdue this new and unexpected outbreak.

But in Germany he was detained longer than he had expected. Feuds had to be checked, disputes settled, and open revolts quenched and punished. The emperor called a *Reichstag*, to meet at Wuerzburg, in the summer of 1165.

¹ NOTE.—It may be worth while to call the attention of the modern reader to the geographical features which unite Greece to Turkey, and make Austria and Italy an ally of that Union. Nay, it may be even excusable, in a desultory historical sketch like this, to point out that the mission of Great Britain lies not as it did in the time of Napoleon I., who did *not* believe in railroads in the way of Malta, the Dardanelles, and East India, but in the way of Egypt and Africa.

At this solemnity there appeared, to Frederick's great delight, ambassadors from King Henry II. of England, who had become disgusted with Pope Alexander's conduct in his quarrel with Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and who now heartily regretted having held the proud pope's stirrups at Toucy. Frederick succeeded in temporarily gaining Henry over to the cause of Pope Paschal; and, to secure his alliance still more firmly, arranged a marriage between two of Henry's daughters and the Welsh Henry the Lion and one of his own sons. Having a little spare time on hand at the end of the year, while his princes were collecting their forces for the next year's march on Italy, Frederick devoted it to having his great prototype, Charlemagne, admitted amongst the saints. This was done at Aachen, December 29th, by Pope Paschal, with great and impressive ceremonies, and, although Alexander did not think Karl the Great a specially fit companion for the company of saints, he, as well as the subsequent popes, felt it incumbent upon them to recognize Paschal's act.

While Frederick was preparing for his fourth expedition to Italy, Alexander had quietly forestalled his imperial enemy by leaving his French retreat, in August, 1165, for Rome. Being pursued by some Pisa ships, who had heard of his departure from Montpellier, the pope was compelled to change his course and steer for Sicily. Here he arrived safely at Messina, and met with a cordial reception from King William, who placed a war vessel at his disposal, and had him conveyed to the mouth of the Tiber. When this became known at Rome, the whole city turned out to meet him, and on November 23d he was safely housed in the Lateran palace.

It was not till one year later, in November, 1166, that the emperor, for the fourth time, arrived in Italy. He stopped at Lodi, where a general rendezvous of all his forces was to take place, with a view to advance upon

Rome, expel Alexander, and reinstate Paschal. This advance took place in the spring of the next year, 1167, but was checked for a time by the desperate measures of the hostile cities of Lombardy. Cremona, Bergamo, Brescia, Mantua, Ferrara, and other places, swore resistance to the bitter end to Frederick's Italian administration of affairs. Even the scattered, humbled Milanese gathered new courage and returned to the ruins of their deserted city (April, 1167), which was rebuilt and refortified in an incredibly short time. Nay, even Lodi, the emperor's most faithful stronghold, was compelled to join the insurrection. Frederick, meanwhile, seemed to regard all this stir with indifference, and contented himself with besieging Ancona, in order to secure a place of retreat if it should become necessary. While he was engaged in this undertaking the Romans themselves turned out in defense of Alexander. An army of 30,000 men was sent out to attack Rainald. Hearing of this, Frederick ordered Archbishop Christian, of Mayence, to Rainald's assistance, and that redoubtable warrior, in spite of the numerically vast inferiority of his forces, threw himself upon the Romans with such impetuosity that 2,000 of them were killed, 3,000 taken prisoners; and the rest driven back to Rome, before the gates of which city Christian's German troops now took up their quarters. This disgusted Alexander, who sent for assistance to the new king of Sicily, William II. In this negotiation the pope was successful. The Sicilian king sent him an army by land, and had two vessels placed at the mouth of the Tiber, to secure Alexander's flight should it become necessary. Frederick, meanwhile, grown tired of the Ancona siege, had effected a treaty of peace with the citizens, and joined his army to that of Christian in front of Rome. Alexander was compelled to leave the city, and Paschal was duly placed on the papal chair. Everything now seemed favorable to the emperor, and he was dreaming

already the fatal dream of a further southward advance, and annexation of all southern Italy and Sicily to his empire, when a terrible malarial disease broke out in his army and compelled him to leave Rome. He arrived at Pavia with his army fearfully reduced. The cities of Lombardy saw in this the hand of God, and took new courage. Frederick realized that he had not forces enough to maintain himself. In March, 1168, he retreated to Susa with but a small force. Here the discovery of a plot to assassinate him led the emperor to take to flight at night, accompanied by only five men, together with whom he finally reached the German frontier.

He did not appear humbled or downcast on his return, but was wise enough for the seven years following to devote himself chiefly to the interests of his more immediate kingdom, and its advancement in science, literature, architecture, legislation, and poetry. The Minnesong had now already made considerable progress, and songs like the following may already have been heard :

A LOVE SONG, BY SIR MILO VON SEVELINGEN.

The Knight :

"I live in noble manner—in the world none better live ;
My thoughts, though, still stay mourning, nor can aught comfort give,
Except a noble woman, whom as my life I rate.
My eyes have never litten on fairer woman yet ;
Hence, meetly sound her praises :
In her there is no change, how slight.
That day I'll ever honor, as I her favor value,
When her sweet eye shall beam me bright.

I bear love of a lady, I know full well wherefore ;
Since I began to serve her, pleased she me more and more.
Aye, dearer, and still dearer, thus is she at all times to me.
Aye, fairer, and still fairer, thus she at all times pleases me.
She's blessed with all virtues,

The noblest gifts her life consort.
And died I for her dear love, and hied I to a new life then,
E'en as my bride and love I'd there her court."

The Lady:

“Woe the accurs’d watchman,¹ that me great evil wrought!
 Without my fault they have me into sore scandal brought.
 They think they’ll make me loathe him, if wicked speech they thus-
 forth send;
 But let the whole world know it, I *am* his dear beloved friend!
 All but close up to him lying—
 This, God knows, I have never done!—
 Though they pluck out my eyes me,
 My soul will ne’er by other love or other man be won.

“My eyes have chosen for me a young and worthy man.
 This envy other women; I never other harm did plan,
 Then that I did so love him, and that he loves me over all,
 To this love will I turn, now, my heart and all my soul.
 Whoever may his favor have heretofore enjoyed,
 ’Tis her fault if she loses him.
 Yet will I never chide her, if she shows sorrow at my side.
 I saw the summer’s messengers, the flowers so rosy-red”—

The Knight’s Messenger:

“Know’st thou, gentle lady, what a knight would thee have said?
 Secretly he greets thee, ne’er loved so dear his heart;
 But his heart is sorrow-saddened ever since you did part.
 Now cheer his mood thou, sweetly,
 This summer-time, so bless’d!
 Joyous he will be never
 Till in thine arms he cosy lies, by love caress’d.”

The Lady:

“I have been told a story my mood might, in high flight, delight;
 For he has now turned homeward, before whom grief must take to flight.
 Now is to my heart’s sorrow leave of absence given gay;
 His virtues call upon me to follow steadily love for aye.
 I’ll lie up close unto him,
 To this same sweet young man.
 Hail me, he has returned,
 How well he woman’s heart does ken!”

¹ Watchmen, or spys, were men employed by the noble knights to watch the virtue of their noble wives, and spy upon their noble wives’ noble lovers. To retroact this arrangement between knight-husband and his watcher on the one side, and the knight-lover and the lady on the other side, the watchman received a few pieces of silver more from the latter party, on the understanding that he should watch over their safety at the lady’s innumerable meetings with her knight-lover. Under this easy custom of the country the watchers had grand old times, which are sung in many songs of that period, with appropriate thankfulness.

On the whole, it was of great benefit to Frederick that circumstances should have compelled him to turn his thoughts from the conquest of southern Italy and Sicily to his home duties. That clumsy political construction, the German Empire, was so constantly getting out of order that it required the permanent presence of a master machinist. The prince most dangerous to the emperor's supremacy was Henry the Lion, whose rapacity in the way of annexing lands to his possessions, whether by fair means or foul, was illimitable, and continually involved him in broils and wars. Barbarossa, however, had a great personal liking for this foremost of the Welfs—who was, moreover, a relative—and disregarded the constant warnings of Rainald, who saw in Henry the Lion only an unscrupulous rival of Frederick's power, and traced his hostility even to the revolt of the cities of Lombardy and the papal hatred of the Hohenstaufens. To settle Henry the Lion's quarrels in a friendly way was, therefore, the emperor's first measure after his return to Germany. Another disturbance in the northern part of the empire was caused by King Waldemar of Denmark's descent upon the island of Ruegen, to which Henry the Lion also lent his support. This beautiful island on the Baltic had long been an object of Danish lust of conquest, and, after some cogitation as to what pretext should be advanced for the descent, it was suggested that the pretext most unobjectionable would be the conversion of that northern paradise of the sea to the cause of Christendom. For the people of Ruegen, like all Prussians, were heathens of the most primitive kind, and worshipped a wooden idol, whom they called *Svantevits*, with the same implicit faith in his power wherewith the African looks up to his Obi, and which we of the present day point to as an incontestable proof that the negro will never attain the fullness of the white man's civilization. Before the men of Ruegen had any suspicion of the fate in store for them, a Danish army stood before Arkona, their beautiful capital, overlooking proudly from

its eminence of inaccessible chalk rocks the vast expanse of the Baltic. Its only connection with the mainland was in the west, and that side was protected by a fifty-feet-high wall. But luck favored the Danes, and in a very short time Arkona was forced to surrender. It is much to be doubted, however, whether any very lasting benefit resulted to the Ruegen Pagans from the compulsory christianizing which followed their subjugation, considering that their Prussian descendants are, up to this day, with rare exceptions, still as deeply rooted as ever they were in Paganism. The only difference is that the Pagans of old worshiped a specified piece of matter, shaped into an uncouth form, which they called *Svantevits*, whereas the Pagans of to-day bow their heads before the collective mass of matter, and call it the Universe; and that the former gave up all their gold and wealth in general to their god, whereas their descendants rip up the very bowels of their god to extract gold and silver therefrom with which to fill their own pockets; and that, while the former poured out their incense on the altar of their idol, without a thought of their own enjoyment thereof, the latter pour out their incense in the pages of long-perioded books, with not a single thought that their idol may be glorified thereby, but with a view solely to their own glorification and pocket-money.

And yet Ruegen, beautiful Ruegen, did pass also through a period of charming gladness under her new Christian dispensation, as the Minnesinger, some fifty years later, began to travel northward to seek quieter homes for the appreciation of their minstrelsy. Let us cast a glance at this new life in Ruegen, as it appeared about a century after Barbarossa's time: Prince Wizlav has been giving a grand entertainment in his beautiful castle by the sea, and the most famous Minnesingers of that time have appeared to grace it. Even Frauenlob has come, courteous and gracious as ever, and showing in no way that he is perfectly conscious of being the greatest artist of his age. For

they are all artists ; all their poetry is elaborately embellished, and their measures rhythmically intricate, and the fresh beauty of the old Minnesong has not been heard in the land for many decades. Prince Wizlav himself is a Minnesinger, and has learned all the rules and tricks of his art ; but he also knows nothing of the minstrelsy of former days. But, as the clever singers of his festival finish their strains, an old man, who has listened attentively to the songs without attracting notice himself, advances quietly into the center of the hall, and, taking up his little harp-like instrument, strikes a few preliminary chords, and sings with a slightly trembling, but still full, voice, which betokens great culture, the following impromptu verses :

THE LOVERS, BY HENRY VON MORUNGEN.

“ Ah me ! and shall me now nevermore
Light through the darksome night
The body of my love, and pour
Radiance than snow more white ?
It cheated e'en my gaze.
Methought 't must be the blaze
Of the moon's full-orbed face ;
Then rose the day.”

“ Ah me, and shall he now nevermore
A morning here awake ?
The night too swiftly passes o'er ;
No time complaint to make.
Alas, day comes our way !
As he sighed when he lay
With me at his last stay ;
Then rose the day.”

“ Ah me, she kissed times numberless
My lips e'n as I slept ;
Then trickled down upon my face
The precious tears she wept ;
But I her comforted,
Till she her weeping stay'd,
And sweet embrace we play'd,
Then rose the day.”

“ Ah me, how takes he such delight
 My body's form to see !
 When he my dress drew off, dear knight,
 'Twas to behold said he,
 My arms uncovered bare.
 I thought it a wonder rare
 That it should tire him ne'er ;
 Then rose the day.”

Then, pausing a while, and changing the meter, whilst a smile played around his lips, he began :

TO MY LADY.

Lady, wouldst thou cure my pain ?
 Look a little upon me ;
 Struggling longer is in vain,
 And my life must ruined be ;
 I am sick, my heart is wounded ;
 Lady, this have done to me, my eyes and thy sweet red mouth rounded.

Lady, look upon my woe !
 Now, before my life leaves me,
 Speak one word unto me ; lo,
 'Tis the simplest thing to thee.
 Thou say'st always : No, no, no !
 No, no, no, no, no ! — this breaks sheer my heart in two.
 Say, instead, I prithee, lady : Yes, yes, yes, yes !
 Yes, yes, yes, yes ! — this brings my heart blessedness.

Pensively the prince retired to his study, and, taking up his own harp, he sang the following, inventing the melody as the words came to him. In the first ~~two~~ verses, it will be noticed, he followed the elaborate verse construction of his teachers and contemporaries, and then endeavored, though in a rather imperfect way, to chant in the style of the old Minnesinger whom he had just heard :

THE SONG OF YEARNING, BY PRINCE WIZLAV OF RUEGEN.

The untaught gleeman
 Improvised a tone of sweetest yearning.
 Thereof suffer I great grief ; for so courtly a tone in vain I try to render.
 This hurts me, leaman
 Of song's art, who now such tones would fain be learning ;
 'Tis because I never heard it, in my time, that I deem it so sweet and tender.

Thus has he, by his new song, brought me into great trouble :
For the women and the men their cry for song redouble ;

And demand a song of yearning,
Beautiful and with love burning.

To them all I now reply : my art's rod has left me, and my tone, back-bounding,
Children, now shall wake anew that same old and yearning song, so sweetly
sounding.

I must sing in the old yearning manner :
Could I under pleasure's banner

Range me even at my will,
Scattering from me every trace of sorrow,
I should taste rapture most thorough,
And my soul with high mood fill.
Nevermore should I sing songs of yearning ;
But, on life's way turning,
Into age keep joy forever burning,
Without painful thrill.

In high worth a rare adventure sweetly
Love to-day on me wrought neatly :

As I pondered on her grace,
Rose to meet each wish, before my vision,
Fairest image of petition,
And into my heart found ways
With rare power, spreading a sunlight tender.
There's no rapture grander
Than if she would gladden with her splendor
Whom her love should bless.

Through my eyes into my heart she entered,
As a sun therein she centered ;

When she had flown in so straight,
She deprives me sheer of all my senses.
Loveable love, leave off thy trances !

Look how she has fixed my fate !
When the lovely one love's trap puts open
And with love does copen,
And sweet heart-love seems to grope in,
Love draws love to mate.

A. E. KROEGER.

MAKARIA.

A PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

S. STERNE.

*Dramatis Personæ.*DEMOPHOON—*King of Athens, son of Theseus.*JOLAUS—*Nephew of Hercules, and leader of the Heraclides.*ADRASTUS—*Son of Jolaus' friend, and under his protection.*ALKMENE—*Mother of Hercules.*MAKARIA—*Daughter of Hercules.*THE HERACLIDES—*His Sons.*KROPEUS—*Herald to King Eurystheus.*MILOS—*An Old Athenian.*THE PRIESTESS, *at Delphi.**Messengers, Women, Citizens of Athens, etc.*

ACT V.

Adras. I thought to tell the marvelous tale, old man,
 To other listener; pour it into ears
 Other and sweeter far than yours! Yet, since
 You, too, have suffered sharpest grief—have given
 Your dearest for the saving of the city—
 I will content you here! 'Twas yester noon
 That, after news of a new bloody fray,
 The king, with all the remnant of stout men
 The town could barely spare from its defense,
 Moved out to meet the foe. We found him camped
 A half a league scarce from the city gates,
 And close to him, distant by scarce a stone's throw,
 The troops of Hillus, that we joined. And now,
 When our united forces stood drawn up
 In the array of battle, and the field
 Flamed far and wide with thousand glittering arms,
 Hillus sprang from his chariot, and called out
 He'd meet Eurystheus in single combat.

Harvey's Third Letter, etc.; Palladis Tamia; Wit's Treasury, by Francis Meres; Stanza from Spenser's Colin Clouts Come Home Againe; Hexameton and Canti of Willobie His Avisa; William Harbert's Epicedium; Sixth Verse of Drayton's Legend of Matilda; Extract from William Clarke's Polimanteia; John Weever's Twenty-second Epigram, *Ad Gulielmum Shaksperem*, from his Epigrammes, in the Oldest Cut and Newest Fashion; Extract from Richard Carew's Excellencie of the English Tongue; Stanzas from Robert Toste's Month's Mind of a Melancholy Lover; A Remembrance of Some English Poets, etc.; Extract from Satyres VII and X of John Marston's Scourge of Villanie; also a General Introduction, by C. M. Ingleby, LL.D., explaining various Allusions contained in the Volume. Series IV, No. 1. 8vo. London, 1874. 67d.

SHAKSPERE'S AUTHORSHIP OF THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN, by the late William Spalding, M.A.; with a Life of the Author, by John Hill Burton, LL.D. Series VIII, No. 1. 8vo. London, 1876. 67d.

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FRED. M. CRUNDEN.

FREDERICK BARBAROSSA.

[CONCLUDED.]

After having settled the quarrels of his princes, Frederick betook himself to settle his estates upon his sons. He caused the eldest, subsequently Henry VI., to be elected King of Germany at the Bamberg Reichstag, August 16, 1169. His second son, Frederick, got Suabia and the lands of the elder Welf, who, being an uncle to Henry the Lion by his brother, and also uncle to Frederick by his sister, had left his estate to Barbarossa, because the latter had given him generous pecuniary assistance at times when his extravagant mode of living necessitated such assistance, whilst Henry the Lion had steadily refused to send him money.

To his third son, Conrad, Frederick gave the estates of the Duke von Rothenburg, who also had made the emperor his heir. His fourth son, Otto, was proclaimed Governor of Burgundy and Arles, Rainald's death having left that position vacant. The youngest of his sons, Philip, was also properly endowed; though it is said that Frederick's ambition had destined him for clerical honors, in order to have a Hohenstauffen ready for the occupation of the papal throne.

In this manner seven happy years passed away, at the end of which Italy again demanded the emperor's presence.

Pope Paschal had died September 20, 1168, and his adherents had elected John of Strumia his successor, under the name of Kalixtus III. Frederick hesitated to recognize Kalixtus, being rather inclined to put an end to the everlasting quarrels between emperor and pope; and Alexander felt so sure of Frederick's ultimate support that he again refused propositions from Emanuel of Greece looking towards joint action. Alexander was also at that time additionally encouraged by the behavior of Henry II. of England, whom the murder of à Becket caused to return to Alexander's support. The cities of Lombardy thus grew so emboldened that they established a confederation directed specially against Emperor Frederick's rule; but internal dissension and jealousy rendered them powerless to effect any definite object. The emperor, meanwhile, sent the Archbishop Christian, of Mayence, to try whether he could not settle the Lombardian difficulties peaceably. Genoa received him with friendly greeting, but the archbishop became soon convinced that the other cities were hopelessly arrayed against each other, and against the enforcement of any supreme law and government over them all. He also noticed with grave apprehension the intrigues of the Greek emperor to gain a foot-hold in northern Italy, and, as soon as Emanuel had virtually got the city of Ancona to declare for him, Christian resolved to put an end to this encroachment upon his sovereign's rights by the force of arms.

Nor was he much averse to change his priestly robes of a peace-maker for the armored suit of a soldier, he being indeed equally renowned for scholarship and knightly achievements. He was able to preach in six different languages — German, French, Flemish, Lombardian, Latin, and Greek — and, as for his soldier-like qualities, he is said to have killed with his own hand nine men in battle, and with the priests and women of his army to have taken two castles by storm. Indeed, the girls and horses of his body-guard cost him more than the emperor paid for his whole retinue. It happily chanced that Venice had also a grudge against the Greek emperor, Emanuel, and was glad to seize an opportunity to gratify it; and thus, while Christian besieged Ankona from the land side, the Venetian fleet blockaded the sea-port, April, 1174. Under these circumstances Ankona was soon reduced to the utmost destitution. Its offer to surrender, however, was refused by Christian, who insisted on harsher conditions than the citizens could make up their minds to concede. Luckily, success came to them at the time of their greatest distress, and much against his will the archbishop was forced to raise the siege and retire. It was about this time, in the fall of 1174, that Frederick for the fifth time crossed the Alps to restore order in his Italian possessions, but this time with the gravest forebodings. For the prince who owed him most, whom he had raised to the highest position in his empire, and admitted to personal friendship — the Welfish Henry, Duke of Saxony and Bavaria — had refused him assistance of troops, pleading necessities of his own on the northern boundaries of his possessions, but probably acting, also, under the influence and advice of his Italian connections and of the pope.

Barbarossa called Henry to a private interview, and humbled himself so far as to implore on his knees for the needed assistance, entreating Henry to recall to mind his great friendship and generosity. But Henry remained obstinate. Enraged at Henry's behavior, Barbarossa's wife, who was

present at the interview, drew her husband away. "Dear lord," cried she, "arise! God will yet grant you His aid, when you shall be in a position to remember this day and this day's humiliation." Her prophecy was fulfilled. Disheartened, Frederick entered Lombardy; yet he had nearly won the decisive, final battle of that campaign — the famous battle of Legnano, 1176 — when the heroism of the "Troop of Death" turned the victory in favor of the Lombardian army. Frederick's army was totally defeated; he himself fled for life, and was for some days considered lost and dead. On no occasion of his life did the grand character of Frederick shine forth more nobly than after this terrible defeat. Frankly acknowledging himself beaten, he sent a message to Pope Alexander, who had so materially assisted the Lombardians, asking for peace. Alexander desired peace quite as much as Frederick, and, pleased with the full submission, appointed an interview at Venice. Here, July, 1177, the two great men met at the door of the St. Mark Cathedral, where Frederick threw himself at the feet of the pope, who, with tears in his eyes, lifted him up, while the German troops struck up one of the grand chorals of the church.

Peace was made between all parties; Alexander III. was recognized as the legitimate pope; his opponent, Kalixtus, was induced to resign; the cities of Lombardy had most of their complaints removed, and the emperor saw nearly all his clerical appointments confirmed by the pope, whom he had now made his friend.

Thus secured again in his Italian possessions, Frederick, January, 1178, hastened home to punish Henry for his ungenerous behavior and disloyal desertion in the hour of need. Having cited him before a council, at which Henry refused to appear, Frederick, in 1180, excommunicated him from his possessions, and divided them in smaller parcels among his more reliable friends. Henry resisted with all

his might, but in vain ; and, reduced to desperation, threw himself at last before the outraged friend's feet, at the council of Aachen, and sued for mercy. Frederick wept at the spectacle of his humbled friend and forgave him, but advised him, November, 1181, to retire a while to England and stay with his father-in-law, Henry II. Of his possessions he restored to him Brunswick and Lueneburg. It was during that stay of his in England that Matilda bore Henry, in 1183, the son who became the founder of the line of English kings of the House of Brunswick.

By thus dividing the possessions of Henry, Frederick put a final end to the rule of the powerful dukedoms in Germany, and inaugurated the safer basis of numerous smaller principalities. About the same time the other chief antagonist of the emperor, Alexander III., died, August 30, 1181.

Humbold of Ostia, a man of ordinary ability, but far inferior to Alexander, who must rank among the great popes, at the side of Gregory and Innocence II., was elected pope, under the name of Lucius III. The Romans, however, soon got into trouble with him and drove him out of the city. The Archbishop Christian, of Mayence, who had remained in Italy to protect the emperor's rights, endeavored to come to Lucius' assistance ; but on his way to Rome he was taken prisoner, and when, after being released, he had gathered a new army, a malarial fever seized him near Rome, from the effect of which he died, August, 1183.

The six years' truce, to which the cities of Lombardy had pledged themselves at the peace-making between Alexander and Frederick, at Venice, having now expired, much discussion arose, both in Lombardy and Germany, as to the advisability of continuing peace or entering again upon a state of constant dissension and warfare. Happily the peace party predominated on both sides of the Alps, and on June 23, 1183, the peace of Constance was con-

cluded, by which a permanent satisfactory arrangement of the relations between Germany and Italy seemed to be effected.

This gratifying state of universal peace within his empire Frederick determined to celebrate by the grandest festival Germany had ever witnessed. It was set for May 20, 1184, at the city of Mayence. Princes and nobles, prelates and priests, and an immense concourse of people assembled from all parts of Germany, from France, Italy, England, Spain, and Hungary. Of knights alone, over 40,000 were present; the numbers of the people were simply countless. A new, temporary city arose outside of Mayence, for the accommodation of this immense populace. The Rhine was covered with boats bearing provisions, and all the profusion apparent at the festival did not detract from its elegance. The emperor's two sons, King Henry VI. and Duke Frederick of Suabia, were made knights, after having duly performed all the ceremonies prescribed for such occasions; and many another ambitious youth of less high rank dated his knighthood from the festival of Mayence, the memory whereof, indeed, was handed down from generation to generation. Minnesingers were, of course, not lacking. Amongst them may be recognized Henry von Veldege, who takes note of all he sees, in order to commemorate the splendors of his times in his *Aeneis*; and here, before this tent where Barbarossa himself and his son Henry — both as skillful judges of minstrelsy as of tournament-battles — are idly standing, chatting with friends, a younger minstrel is just about to strike his note. And this is what he sings:

THE BACHELOR'S SONG, BY SIR VON KUENZINGER.

Alas me! why mourn they so

Who have tasted love's caressing?

I stay glad, and yet I know

I ne'er won that joy and blessing

Which after bliss love leaves a yearning sorrow,
 When time comes to depart.
 Now, I sleep quiet till the morrow,
 And no one says: "God bless thee, dear sweetheart."

Women serve I unremittent;
 Woe me, should I long for meed!
 She would but refuse me flippant;
 Then her grace I'd lose indeed.
 Her friendship rather will I keep and guard me,
 Than by love win her hate.
 'Twould miserably age and ne'er reward me;
 To serve her true for nothing be my fate!

Helps it me to engage love's war,
 Torturing all my life out merely?
 Little notice from afar
 Pays she whom I love so dearly.
 Would she but love me with the love I show her,
 Happy were I, and freed.
 My service seems but little to her;
 Well, I must put good will in for the deed.

Scarcely had he finished when another Minnesinger stepped forward, and with still more audacious rhythm as well as subject-matter chanted the following:

THE LOVER'S SONG, BY CHRISTIAN VON HAMLE.

With body enjoying
 By white arms clasped cosy,
 And pressed to the heart close, how glorious and good!
 With woman love toying,
 Her cheeks glowing rosy,
 Her lips with love laughing, how cheers this the mood!
 Then is one body where hearts still are twain —
 Speech alone showing them woman and man.
 Then breaks to pieces dull care, grown still crisper;
 Neither gives love then for long time permission — one single word with
 mouth to whisper.
 Ah, but one kisses the sweetest mouth, then,
 Ever by woman in love given to man!
 To love thus with passion
 A woman makes many
 A heart sometimes sad, and at other times glad.

But who holds possession
Unwatched, without pain, he
The sweetest of joys will discover outspread.
Where four fond arms are close flown into one,
Sweeter joy never the sun shone upon.
Who finds such cheer with a sweet loving woman,
Never the world can in him arouse rapture apter to kill care's baneful summon;
There two hearts press to each other so close,
To slip between them no leaf so thin grows.

Where four fond eyes, meeting,
Love seeing each other,
Two hearts in like manner must love to unite,
Though stealthy their greeting,
And trying it to smother,
All things, sad and glad, they must share in love's light.
Then burns their love e'en with love like a glow,
And greater wonder still love hastes to show!
Causing their mouths to forget self in other.
Love thus, in many a way and sweet manner, sorrow and sadness
swiftly does smother.
Aye, love has loving itself so o'ercome,
Blessed the lovers who dwell in its home!

Having now again established himself supreme ruler, and secured the foundation of lasting peace at home, Barbarossa once more, for the sixth and last time, in the fall of 1184, bent his way toward Italy. He was everywhere received in triumph. His son Henry was crowned King of Lombardy, with the famous iron crown; and at the marriage of Henry, in 1186, with Constance, the last heiress of Norman descent of the Kingdom of Naples and the Sicilies, so strangely won by the great Norman seafarers in the eleventh century — a conquest which music has forever commemorated with the names of Tancred and Robert — the formerly rebellious city of Milan sued for the honor of having the marriage festivities celebrated within its walls. Strange working of history! From this very marriage in Milan, which seemed to open new glory to the Hohenstaufen family, arose their speedy ruin; it was in trying to gain

the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which by this marriage descended to the Hohenstauffen, that young Conradin, the last of the race, met his tragic death. But even Frederick was already made to feel the curse that followed this marriage. It might suit him well enough to have the papal states hedged in from both North and South—Lombardy and Naples—by Hohenstauffen rule, but the popes were furious at it. Lucius did his best to prevent the marriage, and when he died, in November, 1185, his successor, Urban, would undoubtedly have succeeded in picking a quarrel with the emperor had not suddenly come the news of Saladin's conquest of Jerusalem.

Then Frederick, having returned to Germany in the fall of 1186, began at once to prepare for that second and last crusade of his life, which has thrown a most fitting final glory over his name. In splendor it certainly outshone all the other crusades. There were the Hospital Knights, with their black cloaks, wearing a white cross; there were the Knights Templar, with a red cross on their white cloaks; and knights of numerous other orders, in incredible numbers, and assembled for one of the strangest enterprises that ever moved man's breast. Nearly 200,000 men gathered under the greatest princes of Europe, the noble Emperor of Germany at their head. Him were to join, by the sea-route, the astute Philip of France and Richard Cœur de Lion—most romantic of all heroes of romance, his strong-knit frame, light hair, and blue eyes almost a copy of Frederick's person, as Barbarossa had been in his youth and manhood, and before age had whitened his hair and beard—with his gay troubadour friends from France, Gaucelon Faidit, Pierre Vidal; aye, and, following in secret, his lady-love, La Dame de Fayel, the unhappy Chatain de Coucy, all unconscious of the watchful jealousy of the lady's lord, little dreaming that the heart which beats for the lady so tenderly will become her veritable food and cause of death

—for my Lord de Tayel has heard how the Compte de Rosillon punished his wife for loving the fair singer Guillaume de Cabestaing, Richard's most favorite singer. But the world-renowned Blondel was not with him, having stayed at home with Richard's brother, Geoffrey Plantagenet, the father of unhappy little Arthur of Brittany.

Fit companions of these troubadours from France were the Minnesingers of Frederick's court — nobles and princes all of them, but all artist-like in the labor of constructing their verses and their music. One of the most gifted of them was the young Count Otto von Botenlauben, who had come to win the renowned Princess Beatrix, the pearl of the Orient, the reports of whose beauty had inflamed this young German, even as the reports of the beauty of the Countess of Tripoli drew the gay young troubadour, Geoffrey Rudel, the bosom friend of Geoffrey Plantagenet — as Blondel was of Richard — over the sea to Tripoli, in the shadow of whose walls the young man, having been seized by a serious illness on shipboard, died a sweet death in the arms of the countess, who had hastened from her palace to see this strange, unknown lover, brought to her from far over the seas on the wings of death.

Botenlauben met a better fortune. He married his princess, his pearl of the Orient, a daughter of the great French house of the Courtenay, and the castle where he and his wife lived on their return from the East can still be seen. Of his excellent songs the following may serve as fair specimens :

CRUSADER'S SONGS, BY OTTO VON BOTENLAUBEN.

I.

“Christ's reward, were't not the very greatest,
Never would I leave her here to pine,
Whom my heart greets earliest and latest,
Whom I call the kingdom of heav'n of mine,
Darling, who lives near the River Rhine,
Lord, let thy grace upon us shine,
Let me for myself and her yet win that love of thine.”

"Since his kingdom of heaven named his heart me,
 I have chosen him my God to be!
 Now can nothing ever from him part me;
 Oh Lord, be not angry, then, with me!
 Sure, my thornless eye-delight is he,
 Born to be my joy on earth. Oh, see,
 Should he not return, my joy were dead hopelessly."

II.

I have chosen sweetest woe to win me,
 And I'll cherish't o'er all flowers' shine,
 He's not wise who deems this folly in me;
 Envy all times had its hateful shrine,
 Aye, through love I bear this pain and pine.
 It I've chosen mine, now be thou mine!
 Do me as thou choosest, lady, for the power is thine.

I recall to her the pledge at leaving
 She gave me; and oh! the pledge was strong.
 When returned I will abjure all grieving,
 Life would sicken stayed I absent long.
 She, for whom my heart so sore doth long,
 Holds me even with her love so strong,
 Like the nightingale that sitteth dead from her sweet song.

Should I die from the great grief and anguish
 She works on me, 'twere an awful dread!
 Let me tell whose fault it is I languish:
 'Tis the fault of her love-mouth so red.
 If I lose her long, then am I dead;
 E'en her dear and lustrous eyes grew red
 When I went to say farewell, and for her blessing prayed.

III.

Art most welcome to me, my life's comfort thou!
 My heart's delight! Thou dearest man and my own Lord!
 God I'll ever praise for this, that He me now
 From grief has freed; but also thy great faith record.
 For over me a state of grievous doubt did pass;
 Thou hadst forgotten me so long, alas!
 What help me my beauty? my high name?
 Thou hadst forgot me all the same.

Now my heart with many a joy beats glorious,
 Since with my arms thy body dear I held embraced.
 Dearest one, now tell me, art thou happy thus?
 Thou told'st me 'bove all women thou deemed'st me most graced.

I gave thee on thy faith and on thy virtue, dear,
My crown of joy, my flower, my youth's bloom-year!
Alas, many an evening-yearning's sigh,
Which kept me wake till day-lit sky!

One of the many incidents of this crusade, in its passage through Minor Asia, may here find record.

In a fight with the Turks, near Philomelium, amidst the countless German knights of one of the troops towered the figure of a somewhat slender but powerfully built young knight, seated on a horse of rare vigor and beauty. The beard on his rosy face could not have been many years old, as it appeared when the stroke of a Saracen saber, cleaving open the knight's vizor, exposed his young face; and the full, blue eyes, now aglow with the passion of life and death, seemed almost too young ever to have looked or drank more than the faint flush of love's first yearning. On his shield of azure blue, its edges of gold and red, were painted three narrow black stripes, united by a line of blue set in silver, and running through them. He fought that day so bravely, so recklessly, that the attention of his fellow-knights was insensibly riveted on his feats, so that when, in inconsiderate pursuit of an enemy, he reined in his exhausted charger for a leap over a rather wide ditch, and the panting horse, gathering in, tried to make it, but broke down and fell into the ditch with its unhappy horseman, there was a temporary stop of the battle whilst, amidst great wailing, the troop hastened to rescue the body of their young companion. They found him crushed — dead. A writer of Cologne, Godfrey (1162), has chronicled the event in these words: "*Occiditur et ibi Fridericus de Husen vir probus et nobilis, qui egregiæ laudis et honestatis præ omnibus illo in tempore nomen acceperat. Qui quum in turcos viriliter descæviret, unumque ex eis acrius insequeretur, equus ejus fossatum transiliens cecidit, ipseque subsequens ruina expiravit. Super cujus morte tana in castris orta est moestitice, quod omissa pugna omnes clamorem bellicum mutuaverunt in vocem flentium.*"

Frederick von Husen had, indeed, been one of the most popular of the knights in the German body; and his skill in knight-minstrelsy had attracted even the attention of the great emperor. He was a Suabian nobleman, living not far from the Rhine, and had been much admired at home for his gifts of song. Parting for the crusade, he had bid painful farewell to a lady, from whom something else than want of reciprocated affection seems to have parted him; very probably higher rank on her part. But, faithful to her, he continued, along the weary march of the crusade, to send her, by every opportunity, new songs of his passion; and these he sent, not by a regular love-messenger, or singerlein, but by letter in writing. A number of these, with other of his songs, have been handed down to us in the Manessean collection. On his dead body one of these songs was found; and it was probably the ill-humor with the dear beloved for her constant refusal to accept his love—for, says he in one of his songs, though she has called me her Æneas, she does not want to be my Dido—which finds expression in this song, by which he was led to that reckless exposure of his life on the Monday after Ascension Day, in the year 1190. This is a translation of it:

THE CRUSADER'S DEPARTURE, BY FREDERICK VON HUSEN.

My heart and body now ask separation,
 That have together stayed so long as one.
 To fight the heathen is the body's passion,
 But to the heart a woman dear has grown
 'Bove all the world. And now I grieve and moan
 That they no more will walk in joined procession!
 My eyes, alas, have caused this tribulation,
 And this sad quarrel God can end alone.

Since I the heart cannot well turn aside now,
 Without still leaving me more sorely grieved,
 I pray to God that He bid thee abide now
 Where thou most surely wilt be well received.
 Alas, but how may'st thou there be relieved?
 How durst thou venture with such woe to side now?
 Who is to help thee turn my grief's great tide now,
 So sure as at thy side thy love achieved?

I thought I should be free from all this trouble
When I the cross of God took upon me.
Indeed, 'twere right, and I'd with peace quick couple,
But that my steadfastness forbids it be.
By rights I should be full of life and free,
Howe'er my foolish will might blow and bubble.
Now, see I well, my will cares not a stubble
How things may chance to me; 'tis fate's decree!

Let none accuse me that I am unsteady,
Because whom erst I loved I now bear hate.
Howe'er I her implored, backward, ne'er ready,
She did as if she understood not quite my strait.
It seems to me her word I can but rate
Like summer weather here — the changeful lady!
I were a fool to humor her, and ready
Believe her still — 'tis, lady-love, too late!

Here we may also as well mention two other noted Minnesingers who accompanied the great crusade of Barbarossa: Count Frederick von Leiningen and Reimar the Old. Count Frederick, a noble of great repute — who boasted dating back his descent to a certain Prince Emich (Emerich, Embric) I, under the Roman emperor Severus, A. D. 210, and whose lineage is still in existence at the present date — was as beautiful a singer as he was famous for his deeds of war. There had descended upon him something of the wild spirit of one of his forefathers, the dreaded Rhenish Count Emich, who joined the ill-fated crusade of 1096, and, putting himself at the head of a desperate band of some 20,000 ragamuffins, plundered and laid waste Hungary and Bohemia with unparalleled rapacity and cruelty. All sorts of wild stories were set afloat concerning his misdeeds. It was said that his band carried along a goose and a goat, filled, it was given out, with the Holy Ghost, under whose direction their outrages were committed. But their wanton cruelty came to grief at last, at the siege of Misenburg, where a panic fear seized the whole band. Emich fled with the rest of his band, and soon after meeting death, his spirit was compelled to haunt a mountain near the city of Worms, where, clad in

red-hot iron armor, he and his crew were often seen reviewing and asking the passers-by to pray for their accursed souls.

But with all his bravery, which won for him the special mention of an old, unknown poet who celebrated Landgrave Louis V. of Thuringen's deeds in Barbarossa's crusade, Frederick von Leiningen had one of the gentlest hearts, and was a poet of deep feeling and delicate skill. The only one of his songs which has been left to us is one of the sweetest in the whole Manassean collection of Minnelieder. The simple piety of the two last stanzas of the poem, which are composed in the then universally popular form of a dialogue between a knight and his lady-love, before the knight's departure for the crusade, is very touching :

DEPARTURE FOR THE CRUSADE, BY COUNT FREDERICK VON LEININGEN.

Whose mood covets blithe gladness should
 Look out upon the budding wood ;
 How May in wondrous glory
 Of rich, warm color every guest
 Has clothed in his very best ;
 The birds, at man's grief sorry
 From their high mood full many a tone,
 As sweetly forth it launches,
 You hear ringing adown the vale,
 Pealing o'er all the nightingale,
 On green, leaf-covered branches.

Yet me it needs to sorrow still ;
 My heart pays toll on each joy's thrill,
 While she her grace keeps folded ;
 She who my heart bears in her own,
 Ah me, why leaves she me to moan !
 God so her form has moulded
 That nor my heart nor all my mind
 Can think, how'ere they try it,
 How she could be more beautiful,
 This lovely lady of my soul,
 Who all my joy lays quiet.

O Love, thou sweet, dear counselor,
 Counsel—and blessed be thou e'er—
 My heart's queen, hear the entreaty !

Counsel her to lend me her aid ;
Counsel her to turn sad to glad ;
 O lovely Love, show pity !
Since thou art lock and thou art bolt
 Of all my heart and senses,
Counsel her, for 'tis sorely time ;
My comfort, weal, with hers must chime ;
 I burn in thy fire's trances !

And must I thus depart from her,
Without her kindly, gracious cheer ?
 Ah, woe, what grief weighs on me !
It fills my life with sore dismay ;
Mercy, thou blessed woman stay !
 And look not cold upon me !
Soften a little, pray, thy mood,
 And with red mouth say, greeting,
Nought but four words, and these alone
Shall lift my soul to rapture's throne :
 " Farewell till happier meeting ! "

" Farewell till happier meeting, then !
God keep thy life and soul from bane ;
 Thy weal and fame forever !
If thy return can haste my prayer,
Suit, and entreaty, God knows, dear,
 My prayers shall resten never.
Since thy departure is to be,
 Two hearts with thee thou bearest ;
Both mine and thine, both full of woe ;
 . Sadly I mourn, love, thou shouldst go —
 Christ be thy guide, my dearest ! "

Reimar, surnamed the Old, by the Minnesingers, to distinguish him from several other Reimars of that time, was, before his pupil Walther von der Vogelweide began to sing, undoubtedly the foremost knight-minstrel of that age. In early youth, a knight without money, he had entered the service of Leopold VI., second Duke of Austria, the son of Duke Henry "*Yesthusmegod*," for whose special benefit Austria had been made a dukedom when Barbarossa restored to Henry the Lion the Dukedom of Bavaria, which Duke Henry Yesthusmegod had inherited from his father. A favorite oath had given rise to this comical nickname, and it

would have been a great blessing if every Henry and Frederick of the countless principalities of the Germany of those days had been considerate enough, for the sake of future historians and history-readers, to have thus invented an original oath for a second name and distinctive *alias*.

Reimar soon distinguished himself in his art, and became the pet poet of Vienna. A simple-minded, noble soul, and true artist in every sense of the word; very properly preferring his art to the stupid breaking of lances, at the risk of his bones, in tourneys, or, still worse, to risking his life in absurd battles for so-called glory. Yet his great attachment to Duke Leopold led him to accompany his lord on that Barbarossa crusade, wherein Leopold distinguished himself greatly at the famous siege of Akkon, but also considerably disgraced himself by his quarrel with the lion-hearted Richard of England, and deeply so when, after his return to Austria, he made Richard a prisoner and delivered him over to Emperor Henry VI., who kept him confined till poor, faithful Blondell sought him up and sang to him the touching song, "Oh, Richard, oh mon roi! L'universe t'abandonne," which, on a far later occasion, sounded the death-knell of Louis XVI. The following songs will characterize the skill and poetic feeling of the old singer. The last and most beautiful of them laments the death of his beloved patron, who died by a fall from his horse, whilst preparing to join a new crusade, on the last day of the year 1194. The lament is in accordance with the spirit of the times, aptly put in the mouth of a loving woman mourning the death of her lover.

CRUSADE SONGS BY REIMAR THE OLD.

I.

The Lady's Message to her Crusader.

Dearest messenger, now hear,
Thou art thus to act! Say this,
If he's well and of good cheer,
That my life still cheerier is.

Tell him that it is my will
He should never be of anything guilty — that would part us
for our ill.

Asks he my behavior, say
That I live in happiness.
If thou canst, lead from't away,
Then I need not speech repress.
I love him with heart full well,
And would rather see him than the daylight — but this must
thou never tell.

Ere thou ever tellest him aught,
How that I love him so dearly,
First look thou, and be now taught,
All his ways observe thou nearly,
Whether his love me true did stay!
Then, whatever may impart him pleasure — dearest messenger
mine, that say.

Speaks he of coming home to abide,
Wouldst thou well rewarded be,
Tell him that speech to avoid
Which he erewhile spoke to me;
Then may I him look upon.
Why will he me always with that worry — which can never-
more be done?

What he wants, look, that strikes dead,
And does many a life destroy.
Pale without a shade of red
It fades woman — passion's toy;
Love, men call it! But, O men,
Rather should you unlove name and call it — woe him who it
first began!

That I've said so much, much more
Than I meant, now me annoys;
I was never used before
To such burden as now lies
In my heart with woe down-weighed.
Now, list: thou must never, never tell him — what I here to
thee have said.

II.

The Lady and the Messenger.

"Tell me, I'll reward thee neatly,
Hast thou seen the dear knight? is it true?
Does he live, and lives he fitly,
As they say, and as thou told'st me, too?"

- "Dame, I saw him, glad with joy,
And his heart stood, as you ever bid it, high."
- "Pleasure I forbade him never,
So but in one thing he keep recluse.
This I pray to-day and ever;
It's a prayer which he should not refuse."
- "Dame, now trip not in your speech!
He says all is done that should be — each thing, each!"
- "List, he promised, o'er and o'er it,
That he'd never sing a song again,
Unless I should ask him for it!"
- "Dame what time I left, so did he then;
And you surely must have heard"—
- "Alas, if I ask him now, I'll rue the word.
- "Yet, if I do not implore it,
Then I lose in him my happiness;
And the people'll curse me for it,
That from all the world I keep such grace.
Everywhere care glooms my lot;
Alas, now I know not, shall I do't or not?
- "That we women win not ever
Friend by speech, unless they're so inclined,
Grieves me. Court him, I will never,
Steadfast women hurt unsteadfast mind.
Were I, as I e'en not seem,
Unsteadfast, then, if he left me, I'd leave him."

- III.

Song of the Crusader.

The day I put the cross on me
I chose my thoughts, discarding some,
To fit the sign most properly,
And as true pilgrim might become.
And then they seemed to me to God all given,
So that their very feet seemed to His worship riven.
But now they claim their own will, and alone go as before again,
And now this grief's not mine alone, but also grieves sore other men.

In all things else I should lack naught,
If but my thoughts would keep more staid;
That God whom here to serve I ought,
They do not so to praise lend aid
As I require, and as 't would be my glory.
They still keep straying back to some old story,
And think that I'm to pleasure given still, as I was hitherto —
Oh Mother, Maid, check thou their bent, since I cannot, whate'er I do.

Not that these thoughts I'll ever quite
Forbid t'xplore their own thought-land!
I allow them all things that are right,
But ask them, on the other hand,
That, after both our friends they've greeting given,
They should return and help atone my sins to heaven —
Then be them everything forgiven that they've done to me of ill;
But I fear their deceitfulness, and that they'll try to cheat me still.

Blessed is pleasure! Blessed he
Who may a part of 't win him aye!
Albeit I now from it am free,
Yet have I seen everywhile the day,
When e'en the whole night long it would me flurry;
But now I have forgotten that with other worry!
The steps are broken on the ladder, that me then to pleasure led;
And no one can lead back me thence, unless my will and I lend aid!

IV.

Homeward from the Crusade.

Methinks love's going to come to me;
My heart soars up in play and glee,
My mood swings up to cheerful joys,
Like to the falcon, as he flies,
And like the eagle turning!
The friends that I left mourning,
Oh, blessed I, if I then find
As I left them, in body and mind!
Good everything about her is!
Oh God, do Thou but grant me this,
That I may soon be with her;
Lead me, then, safely thither!
And, if of care she has any kind,
Grant I may it scatter — e'en as she must clear my mind!
Then may we quaff true pleasure!
Then blessed I the whole night long — could one wish dearer treasure?

V.

On the Death of Duke Leopold VI.

They say that summer is here now,
That pleasures new awaken,
And that I ought joy to my heart restore.
But counsel me and tell me, How?
Since death from me hath taken —
Oh God! I cannot get o'er it evermore!

What need I to go in search of mirth?
 Since all my mirth's sole lord, Leopold, lieth in the earth!
 Whom I saw mourning ne'er a day.
 And lo, the world in him has lost
 As never in any man so great — so sad a loss it had for aye.

Poor woman I! I felt so well
 When'ere I thought of him,
 And how that all my weal was in him wrapt!
 But now, that I no longer shall
 Have him, a misery grim
 Over what life I yet may live has swept.
 He, my rapture's mirror, he is gone!
 Whom I for summer, eye-delight had chosen me and won,
 Him I must learn to do without!
 When I was told that he was dead,
 Straightway the blood rushed from my heart, and all my senses put
 to rout.

From cheerfulness bid me abstain;
 My dear lord's death, ah, me!
 Tells me to bid it farewell evermore;
 And since him I can ne'er regain
 My grief kills me. Oh, see!
 How all my mourning heart is still so sore!
 She who mourns him always, it is I!
 Oh, that the ever blessed man could live and I could die!
 But he is gone; what do I here?
 Be merciful to him, oh God!
 More virtuous guest drew ne'er yet to Thy host of heaven near!

The unhappy end of this third crusade is known to all. Barbarossa fortunately did not live to witness its disastrous conclusion. On the march, false news was brought him that his son (Henry VI.) was dead. Tears trickled down his now snow-white beard, but as soon as he could compose himself he cried out, "My son is dead, but Christ lives! Forward!" After most vexatious marches over the territories of the Greek Empire, deceived at every step by the cunning treachery of the Emperor Commenius, Frederick, at the head of what little remained of his army, was nevertheless advancing in triumph, after having stormed and taken the capital of the Sultan of Credi, when he was

unfortunately drowned in attempting to cross a river. But in the heart of the German people his memory continued to linger for ages, and imagination transported him to the Kyffhaeuser cave, where, sitting on a stone bench, and leaning his arms on a stone table, he still awaits the coming glory of a happy, reunited Germany, for it is a grave error to suppose that the Hohenzollern Empire has as yet realized that ideal. It not only still lacks integral parts of Germany proper, but, above all, individual political freedom and that full religious freedom without which the conflict between the German Empire and the Roman Catholic Church can never find thorough settlement, and which has so happily protected our own republic from a like disastrous conflict.

A. E. KROEGER.

LETTER ON FRANCE.

VICTOR HUGO AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES IN VERSE AND ART.

Victor Hugo stands a head and shoulders above all his contemporaries in mental height except George Sand, whose fervid, flowing eloquence, dramatic vividness of characterization, and sympathy with all oppressed classes, lifted her to an equal level as a literary artist. Alfred Musset perhaps approached more nearly than the others, by his sensibility and originality, which rendered his poems, though full of a certain romantic melancholy, more akin to nature than any utterance which France had heard from her poets for centuries.

But the rest, Gautier, Baudelaire, Léconte de Lisle, M. Lafayette, are all cold-blooded, scientific rather than creative, given to analysis, polish, carving, with exquisite delicacy, it is true, but the tools are guided by a hand that feels

no thrill of any poetic fire leaping in its veins. They believe nothing, they revere nothing, they love nothing, except, perhaps, art, with the cool selection of a cultured taste; their hopes are not ardent, except when, as in M. Lafayette, a social purpose and a political aim seem to arouse some masculine vigor of tone.

They bring before you always the artist, his studio with its well-arranged Oriental stuffs and silken folds hanging in studied ease, its veiled lights and softened shadows, its tools; and one never breathes freely, or hears the ringing of spontaneous melody, or catches a glimpse of wild grace or merriment, as in the old Greek world which they affect to adore. Even M. Coppées' idyls are those of closed gardens and well laid-out grounds. Théophile Gautier well entitled his poems "*Emaux et Camées*," for in every line is the touch of the chisel and polishing tools; and Catulle Mendes, in his "*Midnight Sun*," and Léconte de Lisle, in his poems of "*India*," too artfully dispose contrasts and effects to transport us with the cold, weird snow-light of the one, or the glow and odor of the other. As for Charles Baudelaire, he dissects, analyzes, investigates, every human emotion, good or evil, woe or joy.

We see the same spirit in their art: in Corot's soft, shadowy, idyllic landscapes, with their subtle studies of the relations of color; in the elaborate *technique* of André and Meissonier; in the numberless pictures of court scenes and classic subjects, where the gorgeous costumes, exquisite textures, costly jewels, sparkling wines, shining bronzes, wonderful effects of light and shade, stand in bold and sensational contrast with some grim and ghastly theme of death or old age, as in the "*Death of Nero*," "*Son Eminence Grise*," "*The Christian Martyr*," etc. Here is again the same careful study, exquisite workmanship, dramatic contrast, but no fire, force, vitality! It is but art; not life.

Both in artist and verse-writer (for we can scarcely use the old, divine name of poet, which Homer, Shakespeare,

and Dante bore, for such as these) we find the same tone of eastern scenes and effects. In Doré's painting, "Finding the True Cross," the whole scene glows with Oriental sunshine and color, and upon the jeweled miters and gold-wrought garments, the swinging of censers, the long ranks of the armed crusaders, beats a noonday light and splendor. All the rich and fantastic coloring of Diaz is Oriental; and on the walls of the salon you see Arab sportsmen flying their hawks, the rest by the palm trees of the desert, the slave-market, the bazaar of the East. In Léconte de Lisle's poems you hear, as a recent critic beautifully says, the systemical stepping of the Hindoo bearers, and perceive the strange, rich odors of tropical forests. The names of his verses, the "Sleep of the Condor," "The South," "The Jungles," "The Fountain of Lianas," are redolent with such glow and still rest, of such springing freshness amid parching heats, such thick and shadowy retreats from hot noon, as the lands of the East and South only show.

All this is artistic, but it has no vital strength. The school of art and literature in France which possesses stamina and endurance is the sympathetic school, which boasts the name of Millet, with his grand epics of labor displayed in his pictures of the working and agricultural life of France; of Breton and Frère, whose homely scenes have a tenderness and power which the cooler analyst of emotion never reaches; of Rosa Bonheur and Jacques, who enter into the lowly lives of animals, and portray their days with the power of life. In literature, Sully Prudhomme shows a tenderness and insight that promises much; the author of "The Attic Philosopher" describes with loving minuteness the innocent pleasures and cares of a quiet life; and George Sand has done for the peasant in words what Millet's canvas has accomplished in art.

It is here, in earnestness, sympathy, feeling, that Victor Hugo shows his true power. He writes for the people, he feels with them, he loves them; therefore his writings are

full of aspirations and hope ; and he says : “ Let us look always toward the dawn, the blossoming, the birth ; that which falls encourages that which arises.” (“ 93.”) And again, in the same work : “ Each of those degrees — father, mother, city, country, humanity — is one of the rungs of the ladder which leads to God.” He thrills with the power and life of the new age, but is not faithless to the old heritage ; while he speaks of the quickening power of a great city which civilizes, he does not forget the rest of the country which is the universal mother ; and he holds humanity as the great ancestor of all.

“ *Les Miserables*,” unreal, sensational, dramatic as it may appear to the more quiet reader of English blood, is filled with an earnest pity for all classes that suffer, with a genuine endeavor to comprehend and ameliorate their situation ; nor is the sympathy that embraces Javert, the policeman, inflexible, severe, and Jean Valjean, the escaped convict, narrow or one-sided.

Victor Hugo’s own life, his enjoyment of the household, his tender love for his sons, both of whom he has followed to the grave, his gentleness and devotion to his two delicate grandchildren, have taught him the great lessons of love with deep reality. We see the little footsteps of “ *le petit Georges* ” and his sister, Jeanne, in many a work of this great author. What is more touching and artless than the little ones in “ 93 ” who hear the booming of the great cannon and lisp a soft mimicry of the sound ? In “ *Les Miserables*,” even the *gamin* — the urchin of street-corners and alleys — is painted with the vividness and accuracy of one who has listened not unlovingly to his audacious repartees and acute words.

But in “ *Cosette*,” the little, forsaken, motherless child, trembling in the dark of the forest, hearing strange rustlings and movements in every swinging bough or breaking twig, peopling the shadows with undefined and vague figures — there is the touch of one who has made the child’s world,

the child's soul his own. Nor should we envy the reader who could reach, without delight, the climax where the poor little creature suddenly finds herself the rich possessor of a wonderful and beautiful doll. In such passages as these we forget the writer to love the man, who, with tears scarcely dried for his beloved sons, is at once father and mother to the little children left in his care, and who spends hours in amusing them with recitation and story, nor ever wearies of the little troubles and petty amusements of their infancy.

E. F. MORLEY.

THE SOUL'S COMPLAINT OF THE BODY.

From the Anglo-Saxon.

BY MYRON B. BENTON.

Much it behooveth
Mortals, each one,
To ponder whence moveth
The Soul ever on.
Death, coming, smiteth
Midst terror and dole;
His stroke disuniteth
Body and Soul.

Long the Soul waiteth
Ere it shall go
Where the Lord's hand mateth
With weal or with woe;
As its pilgrimage, slowly
It wandered from birth —
Painful and lowly,
Toiling on Earth.

As e'en night swift fleeteth;
Then, wailing aloud,
The Ghost coming meeteth
Its body in shroud.

There winters three hundred
Shall o'er it be hurled —
If the Lord hath not thundered
The End of the World!

So weary, then speaketh
The wan, chilly Ghost!
Cold utterance wreaketh
Upon the low dust;
O dry Dust, dreary one,
For me little strife
Or care hadst thou, weary one,
All thy long life!

Now in earth darkly
Thou makest thy home —
Lying so starkly —
Rotting in loam!
Little was heeding
Thy life upon Earth
Of thy Soul ever speeding
Its journey swift forth.

EQUALITY OF THE SCHOOL SYSTEM.

I propose in this paper to introduce, by way of general discussion, a subject which has attracted my notice, and upon which I have bestowed some reflection, as one who for a long time was connected, in different capacities, with our school system, and who still feels a deep interest in its various workings, and especially in its direct and remote tendencies, not only upon the people, but also upon the social and political institutions of the country. I, however, intend this as nothing more than an introduction of the subject, which others can follow up with fuller details and with a more elaborate discussion, if they shall deem the subject of sufficient importance.

In the observations which I am about to make I shall have reference to the school system of the United States, or, perhaps I should rather say, to the school systems of

of spelling reform — East, West, North, South — are laboring to bring out an alphabet beautiful and simple in form, and adapted to our every-day wants in writing and printing.

The old proverb, “Words are the coin of fools, but the counters of wise men,” needs to be ground deeply into the public consciousness. There are so many persons who really deify our present uncouth and barbarous orthography that it is necessary to convince them that the forms of our words are *not* sacred things. Most of these forms are crystallized blunders. But in this age, when improvement and progress is the order of the day; when improved implements and machinery increase production an hundredfold; when steamships, steam-cars, and telegraphs bring the ends of the earth into close proximity, it becomes a prime necessity that the forms of written language should be reduced to the minimum degree of simplicity.

According to our standard dictionaries, there are about forty-four distinct elementary sounds, which must be carefully discriminated in order to pronounce English with accuracy and elegance. This includes diphthongs. To represent these forty-four sounds we have only twenty-three letters, k, q, and x being duplicates. For want of a sufficient number of signs, we have resorted to the use of digraphs and trigraphs, which have become so numerous and indefinite as to necessitate the learning of each word separately — an almost endless task. To illustrate: The twenty vowels and diphthongs, which one must discriminate in pronouncing words according to the best authorities, are represented by forty-two letters and combinations of letters, without taking into consideration the number of times that e, i, u, and y are used as consonants. These forty-two combinations represent the vowels in 133 different ways.

Now, the great task imposed upon children in learning the written language is the almost insuperable difficulty of learning when a certain combination or letter has a given sound. For instance, the sound of long e is represented in

twelve different ways, viz.: Be, pique, pæan, fœtus, read, bee, seize, people, key, grief, quay, Ypres. If the same combination did not note other sounds, the difficulty would be lessened; but e notes five sounds, i notes eleven sounds, æ notes two sounds, œ notes two sounds, ea notes seven sounds; ee notes three sounds; ei notes six sounds; eo notes seven sounds, ey notes three sounds, ie notes six sounds, uay notes one sound, and y notes five sounds. Now, a child, in order to learn to read, must really learn fifty-two arbitrary signs for the same sound. Hence the real gain in having a single sign for each elementary sound, and for each sign to note but one sound, would be in this case 5100 per cent. In some other cases it would not be so large, but on the whole this *quinquaginta*-plication (fiftyfoldness) of signs is the real cause of difficulty, and is the impediment to be overcome. Owing to this great confusion in the use of signs, a vast amount of time and money is annually squandered. It is estimated that two years, at least, of every child's life is consumed by this waste of learning to read and spell; and, since the average time spent in school is about three years, two-thirds of the precious time of the school life of the child is actually wasted. The effort to learn to pronounce and spell our English words is so great that the form of language must be made prominent, to the neglect of the sense of words and elegance in diction. Grammar, which in other languages teaches orthography, etymology, syntax, and prosody, has become an ineffectual instrument of culture, as it no longer teaches pupils to speak and write correct English. One able writer estimates that 15,000,000 of school years are wasted in each generation, in the United States alone, through our conglomerate orthography, and another that \$15,000,000 are for the same reason annually wasted in primary instruction. If a phonetic method of writing and printing were adopted, better results than we now get in this city could be obtained at an actual annual saving of \$200,000. The youth of this city might thus, at



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